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THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RETURN TO THE PRIORY.

It was a cold dark morning that was to convey Mistress Trevillers and her neice, Urcella, from the prison lodging back to the Priory.

The town was not yet in motion, a stillness reigned in the empty streets ; and that which in a few hours would be all noisy activity, was as yet hushed in profound silence, disturbed only by the tramps of two small palfreys, hired by the old man for the conveyance of his lodgers.

The moment of departure had arrived, and nothing remained to be done but take leave of their faithful domestic, which was not accomplished without much sorrow ; indeed, the poor woman, long after they had left the door, remained riveted to the spot, gazing intensely upon the two dear travellers as they gradually disappeared from her sight. She could not help thinking that woe still followed in their track. She dared not picture to herself the struggle of the following night, her mind seemed to forebode a failure, with all its direful consequences, but she hoped she was mistaken, and prayed that she might place more confidence in the all-seeing goodness of Divine Providence.

As the gray light of morning began to diffuse itself around, rendering objects visible and clear, Mistress Trevillers turned back towards the town, to give one last look at that sombre pile of buildings, which stood out conspicuously by itself, and which enclosed within its frowning walls her two beloved brothers ; how earnestly at that moment did her uplifted heart implore a successful issue to the scheme which was to baffle those guarded gates and grated windows ! The whole business was a mystery she could not penetrate, nor hardly venture to think about ; and though her hopes and fears filled alternately her entire thoughts, she determined to summon all the courage she possessed, and go through the anxious day with patient submission to the will of the Most High.

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She was aware that the distance from Bodmin to the Priory was not great, and that three or four hours only were necessary to convey her there; she wished to pass as much time as could be spared at the old abode, in case any advantageous arrangements could be made respecting the few things left there; they were, however, in a state of ignorance as to what might have taken place at the Priory, since the day of terror that carried them away, and consequently prepared themselves for every unpleasant alternative that might greet their arrival. The road was a lonely one, and the wind whistled dismally as the day advanced, as if in accordance with their feelings of anxiety, whilst the topic of their conversation scarcely strayed a moment from the engrossing thought of the following night's attempt, and *who* the deliverer could be in so unfriendly a district. With respect to the latter, the only plausible idea that had some little weight on their minds (and this owing principally to the mysterious lines found in the basket of figs, having been written in the French tongue), was, that it might be some previous foreign associate of Sir Algernon's, who, hearing of his and his brother's perilous position, had rushed forward with rash generosity to the rescue.

However improbable such a supposition might be, it was the only one, in their present state of nervous excitement, that could suggest itself. "How extraordinary" said Urcella, "to be thus in complete ignorance of the author of such a rare instance of perilous devotion. There is but one sympathetic heart in these parts that beats for our welfare, but it can do no more than lament our misfortunes, and that in private. Oh, that dear Alice's brothers were like her angel self!" "Talk not of them, Urcella," said Mistress Trevillers, gravely, "neither one or the other can have aught to do with this attempted rescue. We have already experienced, to our bitter cost, what we are to expect from that quarter. Even Mr. Marsdale himself was urged on, I understand, to forward this cruel prosecution through the importunities of his sons. As far as the youngest is concerned, I thoroughly believe it to be the fact; he has frequently and openly declared his hostility against us, and is now, no doubt, happy in the success of his rancorous exertions. But for the elder brother, Gerald, so courteous and friendly in his professions, and yet so bitterly adverse in his acts, what could we expect from such a character? no true sympathy whatever; for, dear Urcella, you are as well acquainted as I am, with the false game he has been playing in our regard. Was it not he who acted the spy on our movements at the old labourer's cottage? and though we had certainly no positive proof of his identity, everything went to show that it could be no other than Gerald Marsdale—the similarity of costume, of height, and personal appearance, the initials on the silken handkerchief, its foreign texture, all told in the same direction; also, who was it that placed your lost *Rosary* into the custody of Mr. Sandford, the most narrow-minded and prejudiced justice of the peace on the bench? could there have been any object but one for so doing? In fine, who was it that assured you of the good feeling about to be restored between the house of Marsdale and your own? And when rejoicing in such pleasing prospects, ah, within a few

days of such friendly demonstrations, aids in seeking our ruination and destruction! Such contradictions as these cannot be tolerated; they carry with them a conviction that no reliance can be placed in men of this plausible stamp."

"Most true," said Urcella, thoughtfully. "The more I think of his inconsistent conduct, the more I am perplexed; it is a strange anomaly, and to me quite incomprehensible; but of this I feel sure, that as long as his acts so little correspond with his professions, and that the former are in hostility to those I most love on earth, so long shall I indignantly fling to the winds the slightest favourable impression made upon my unsuspecting heart by one so full of duplicity."

"We will speak of them no more," said Mistress Trevillers, "except to forgive them, and express our hopes that they may one day become sensible of the injustice they have done us."

"I have often thought," said Urcella, "that could my poor uncle have been persuaded to have let Mr. Marsdale know, that he was the sought-after stranger, who had snatched his daughter from the jaws of death, that his heart would have softened towards him, and that he never would have permitted matters to have come to such a dreadful extremity."

"In a great measure, you are right, Urcella, but you do not reflect upon the position in which we were placed when that event occurred. Just returned from abroad, your uncle was obliged, for his personal safety, to assume the character of the family steward, a circumstance that made it highly objectionable that the feat should be traced to him, as in all probability, Mr. Marsdale, in gratitude for the service he had rendered, would have wished to have brought him forward, and thus might have unnecessarily exposed him to the risk of being discovered; whilst the strict incognito he maintained during his illness, and his disappearance on recovery, put an end at once to all surmises respecting his true character, and the quarter from which he came. For his humble mind laudation had no charms; the knowledge that he had done a simple duty in his endeavours to save the life of a fellow-creature, was all the reward he sought."

Urcella said no more, but she did not quite coincide with her aunt in her opinions on the subject; however, the time had gone by, and it was useless to dwell upon them now, when questions of such immediate interest were hanging over their heads. Indeed, the bare thought of *where* they might be at that hour to-morrow, whether crushed with grief or radiant with joy, was sufficient to banish every other thought.

A long silence followed, till it was broken by Urcella, lamenting that the only true friend they had in this country, should, at the moment they most required his friendly advice and legal assistance, be stretched on a bed of sickness. "Ah," said Mistress Trevillers, "his kind heart would soon have brought him down to our succour, had he not been prevented by this dangerous attack of fever. Mr. Davis is a trustworthy, excellent man, and the trouble and exertions to which he has put himself in disentangling your poor father's intricate affairs are beyond all praise. His last communication announced that he had found an eligible purchaser for

the Priory lands, and that it required but a couple of days more to close the business to the satisfaction of both parties. Whether this illness has retarded the settlement, or whether it was previously completed, we must remain for the present in ignorance."

"Yonder," exclaimed Urcella, looking eagerly into the distance, "is our dear old clump of cedars, how welcome it appears to us this day."

"Not more so than it did to many a way-worn traveller of old," said Mistress Trevillers, "weary men who sought this rural beacon from afar, knowing full well the charitable hospitality ever found at the monastery stretched at its feet."

"What a loss the poor sustained when these noble institutions were destroyed!"

"They did, indeed," replied her aunt, thoughtfully.

The road, as they advanced, now became more and more familiar, and another half hour brought them to the massive gates which enclosed the outer court of the once stately sanctuary. Here they dismounted, and passed onwards toward the shattered building they had occupied for fifteen months.

Having reached the porch, they lifted the ponderous knocker; its sound was loud and long, but nobody responded to its summons. Everything around wore a gloomy aspect, and though it was scarcely three weeks since they left the place, so many sad and grievous circumstances had crossed their path since then, that it appeared more like three years. They waited patiently some little time, but all was silent. It was evident the place had been shut up and abandoned. They wandered round its exterior, but could gain no admittance; they were at a loss what to do, when it occurred to them that by making their way to the cottage tenanted by the old servant Joseph, (and which was at no very great distance) they might possibly find some one, if not himself.

This suggestion was immediately followed up, and they were not disappointed in its results. The good old Joseph was there, but sadly changed in appearance since they had seen him. He was seated in a chair by the fire-side, listening to his daughter reading a chapter of the New Testament.

Joseph had been one of those carried off to prison on the Sunday morning with the Jesuit Father and his brother Sir Algernon; he had stood behind them in the dock, had heard the dreadful sentence pronounced, and had partaken heart and soul of the sorrows that attended its harrowing announcement; indeed, such a deep impression had the scene made upon him, that his mind had been much affected by it. Indifferent to all that was passing around him, he would often spend the greater part of his day in moody silence, and from which state of apathy nothing could arouse him, save some chance allusion to the trial, when his energies would rush back to their old channels, and he would give vent to his indignation in bitter terms, denouncing both judge and jury, and working himself up to such a state of angry excitement as to make his anxious daughter fear his intellects were giving way altogether. At other times she would see him

leaning on his garden-gate, regardless of the cold wind that blew about his silver locks, and accosting the astonished peasants with questions respecting the prisoners in Bodmin gaol, expressing his vexation at their ignorance of a subject which he imagined must interest them as it did himself.

Under these poignant feelings it can easily be imagined the effect the sudden entry of Mistress Trevillers produced on the good old man. He gazed at her at first with a vacant stare as if he recognised her not, till seeing his daughter spring forward and throw herself at the feet of her beloved mistress, he became suddenly sensible of her presence, and made an attempt to rise from his chair, but could do no more than raise his hands in token of his astonishment and delight.

Mistress Trevillers grieved to see the change that his devotedness to her family had wrought upon him, hastened forward, and taking him kindly by the hand, convinced him of her own and niece's safety. Notwithstanding the pleasure this afforded him, he would shake his head with a mournful expression, not seeming willing to express in words what weighed down his heart. Mistress Trevillers easily penetrated his thoughts, her own being so similar.

"Good Joseph," said she, "we must not despond; there are still hopes that a gracious Providence may enable you to see your dear master and his reverend brother again, though I am not at liberty, at this moment, to say when or where."

"You have said enough, dear lady," replied Joseph, his eyes sparkling with joy, whilst a few tears stole down his furrowed cheek. "I will make no further inquiries, but live upon the happy words you have already uttered."

Pleased at having administered some comfort to the faithful old servant, Mistress Trevillers referred to the Priory, and her disappointment at not having been able to obtain admittance.

"There," said Joseph's daughter, hastily, as she pointed to the wall, "there hangs the key, and there it was placed by me on that unhappy Sunday, when, left alone, and distracted with grief, I fled from the Priory to my father's cottage; and as I hung it on yonder nail, I fully resolved never to remove it till desired by some one of my dear master's family to do so."

"Then the time is come," said Mistress Trevillers, and you must accompany me, and lend me your assistance for a short time."

Martha, for such was the young woman's name, was most willing to obey, and after making some arrangements for the convenience of her father during her absence, she hastily followed, and in a very short time they were all three wandering about the deserted building.

The sight of the interior and its familiar contents brought back vividly to their minds all that had passed since they had left the place. Nothing had been moved; everything remained as it was the morning they were carried off to prison; each item, however insignificant in itself, now seemed wrapped in melancholy interest. The few things of value they had brought from the continent had been fortunately sent back again, a few days before

their arrest ; so that little was left but what was absolutely necessary for their convenience during the short time they had proposed remaining.

Still, as they went along they could not refrain from gathering together books and other little mementos of those no longer there. Arriving at a small lobby, Martha darted forward and picked up a letter which lay on the floor, and which she said she had herself flung there in her distress, it having arrived on the very day they had left. It contained a few lines from their legal adviser, Mr. Davis, not penned by himself but another. It was written to say, that the Priory had been advantageously disposed of, that the purchaser had liberally offered the use of the old building to Sir Algernon till he should leave the country, and that he should then level the whole to the ground.

"This business," said Mistress Trevillers, has been got through expeditiously, thanks to our trustworthy friend ; and the land having been disposed of before your dear father's arrest, has happily escaped that confiscation which must have followed his *conviction*. Thus, if God, in his mercy, grant that our poor kinsmen are spared to us, they will have ample means to maintain themselves."

"May it be so," said Urcella, fervently clasping her hands. "I fear, however, Mr. Davis is still ill. The intelligence of our misfortune must have filled him with sorrow, perhaps aggravated his malady, or I feel confident he would have hastened down, to have tendered at least his sympathy if he could do no more."

"We must hope for the best, dear Urcella, and trust that the gratifying news of his recovery may be conveyed to us, sooner or later, by his own lips." Thus conversing together, they reached the foot of a steep, narrow staircase which led up to the small chamber which had been converted into a chapel. It was situated in the attic, as less likely to meet the eye of the common observer, and had now become a spot of painful interest to them, it being there the dreaded *pursuivant* had at length discovered and laid hands upon the unfortunate Jesuit. It was in this little oratory, unknown, as they imagined, to anyone but themselves, that their reverend kinsman was suddenly seized and hand-cuffed, just as he was on the point of commencing the Divine Service for the Sunday, the same service as had been the country's public worship for above nine centuries, but which now, by act of Parliament, had become a grave and felonious offence. It was here also that the Jesuit's brother, his niece, his sister, and their dependents were all made prisoners, and conveyed from thence to the gaol at Bodmin. The confusion that had followed the arrest was still evident from the prostrate seats and articles scattered about upon the floor.

"Oh," exclaimed Urcella, clasping her hands, and gazing sorrowfully right and left, as she slowly entered the room, "when I look back to the scene that took place here, scarcely twenty days since, it makes my heart sicken. Can I ever forget the horror that came over me when I first heard the loud tramp of feet mounting the narrow stairs ! and yonder treacherous bolt which, in my extreme terror, I could not get to move. Then the quick opening of the small oaken door, and the appalling sight of that

band of merciless men who entered. Even that upset bench recalls the terrible moment, when, roughly handled, I clung despairingly to its unsteady aid. But, above all, how can I ever forget my dear uncle's expression when he turned round, so pale and yet so calm, to implore my father to offer no resistance, but yield to the will of Him who alone had permitted this chastisement to overtake them!"

Mistress Trevillers was moved to tears at the mournful picture which Urcella had so vividly recalled to her mind, and knelt down on the step of the now denuded altar, and there, in company with her niece and the young woman Martha, poured out a fervent prayer to the Almighty that he would terminate their sorrows by permitting their condemned relatives to be restored to them.

This concluded, they arose and gathered together the various pieces of altar-furniture that were strewed about (the chalice and more important vessels having already been extracted as proofs against them at their trial,) and placed them under the care of Martha, with instructions to convey them to her father's home, and there preserve them till she should hear further on the subject. They now took leave of the little oratory and returned to the lower part of the building, where, after making further necessary arrangements, they dismissed the young woman, not needing her services any more, assuring her, at the same time, that there would be no occasion for alarm should she find them gone on the morrow; on the contrary, it would be a sign that all was well. Martha obeyed, happy at having been so fortunate as to get a glimpse of her beloved mistress, of whom she had lost sight since the disastrous day of her departure. After she had left, it was suggested that they should partake of a few hours' repose, and then place themselves on the watch for that mysterious and hoped for summons which was to weigh down the balance of their future happiness or woe.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

"Now," said the Rev. Father Francis, when he had been informed by the turnkey of the demise of Geoffrey, "*our* turn, brother, will come next. Let us give ourselves up entirely to prayer and meditation, and may that edifying sorrow which so beautifully portrayed itself in the last moments of our deceased nephew, stand forward as a pattern for us to follow during the short time we have still to remain in this world." And most fervently did these poor men carry out their prayer, endeavouring to banish from their minds those recollections of the past which stole so sadly and so often on their memories, and to replace the void with the consolatory hopes of a blissful future.

Twice twenty-four hours had to elapse, when the cruel penal statute of the 27th of Queen Elizabeth was to be put in force, and Tyburn was to witness the violent death of two British subjects for adhering with too

much fidelity to the old faith. Most ready, however, were these victims of the law to meet their impending doom, each by his firmness strengthening the other, and holding out a bright example of courage and submission.

It was in this frame of mind that the brothers were seated side by side on their oaken seat, the one reciting that part of his Breviary which his memory retained, and the other listening to its impressive text, when the turnkeys entered and placed their evening fare on the board. On leaving the cell, the man Laurence lingered behind his partner, and feigning to be adjusting the massive bolt, uttered the following startling words in an audible whisper: "*When the clock strikes midnight be ready.*" The door then closed upon the prisoners, leaving them, as may be imagined, in a state of utter amazement. The sentence had distinctly caught the ear of both; but neither dared for the moment construe it in the light they wished. "What can it have meant?" said Sir Algernon, first breaking silence. "Is it a notice for good or for evil? Gracious Heavens! if it should refer to our quitting this wretched place? He tells us to be *ready*; ready for what? What say you, brother? I can give it but one construction: a release! a happy, unaccountable, blessed release! for which may God be praised."

"It is, indeed, a gleam of light in our dark path," replied his rev. brother; "but let us not buoy ourselves up with conclusions that may only increase our earthly hopelessness should they turn out fallacious. Let us remain calm, and willing to respond to whatever it may please Providence to direct."

"True," rejoined Sir Algernon, pacing his cell in a state of increasing agitation. "I am ever ready, as thou knowest well, brother, to follow your advice; but human nature will, nevertheless, speak out, and cling to life if it sees but a straw to catch at; these mysterious words have awoken once more within my breast those feelings that I thought I had laid aside, and hurried back to my mind all that made life dear to me—my child! my beloved sister! my faithful dependents!"

"May a merciful God realize your sanguine hopes," said the Reverend Father. "There are certainly grounds for them, but let us not be too certain. The younger turnkey has shown a disposition to be lenient towards his prisoners, but yet, is that a sufficient reason to imagine that he would suddenly permit the escape of two condemned convicts, of whom he knew nothing, and for whom he could have but little sympathy. What could induce a low functionary of that description to risk his life for two strangers, I cannot understand. It is from these impressions that I feel backward in placing too much reliance on words of so dubious a meaning. I will, however, not deny that we have some reason for hope, and therefore, shall not lie down till the momentous hour shall have passed."

On saying this, a smile passed over his benignant countenance, as if unwilling to extinguish the more sanguine anticipations of Sir Algernon.

Various and many were the conjectures brought forward, and flung aside as unfeasible, till the day began to close in. At the usual hour the

head gaoler made his round, opening the cell-door and looking in to see that all was right, whilst the scowl on his forbidding countenance little tallied with the new-born hopes that had begun to glow in the breasts of his prisoners.

Hour after hour did the brothers remain in a state of increasing anxiety. Neither would approach his miserable straw pallet, but sat watching by the faint light of the moon, whose pallid rays gleamed through their grated window at intervals, indistinctly tracing the miserable outlines of their wretched cell.

The sound of the prison clock could be heard through the length and breadth of its dismal domain. Already had the advanced hour of eleven arrived and passed by. Their uneasiness increased as the time wore on. Little was said on either side; both had their eyes fixed on the door, gazing vacantly at its dark proportions, when the first stroke of the hour of twelve slowly boomed out its midnight song in cold, sullen monotony, strangely differing from the palpitating hearts that were listening to its doleful notes; all was again still. The brothers again looked at each other, scarcely daring to breathe, so intense was their eagerness to catch the slightest movement that might favour their anxious hopes; but all was silent. Silent as the grave, five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, and not a sound could be heard. Fears began to fill the breast of Sir Algernon; he had wound up his expectations to the highest pitch of endurance, and he felt that should disappointment overtake him, all his former resolutions of submission to his fate would be unhinged, and desperation take their place.

Again and again did he bend his head towards the lock of the cell-door, and there listen with the most intense eagerness, till at length a slight but undoubted sound broke suddenly on his ear. He quickly rose from his uneasy position, and seized his brother's hand with emotion, he could not speak; there was no time to do so, the outward bolt was gently withdrawn, and the door slowly opened. In its aperture stood a tall figure wrapt in a cloak, so as entirely to conceal his outline, whilst a dark beaver pulled over his brow, threw his features into complete shadow, rendering any recognition impossible. At his side appeared the well-known person of Laurence, pale and trembling.

"Follow," said the tall figure, in a low voice, "and be silent."

The prisoners, with throbbing hearts, obeyed mechanically. They proceeded the length of a long stone corridor, whose gloomy walls were just made visible by the flickering light of a small lamp placed on a bracket. A massive low door soon yielded to the initiated hand of Laurence, and brought them into a still narrower gallery, studded on each side with small cells, tenanted, no doubt, with many a pensive inmate. From thence they descended a flight of stone steps leading to a lobby occupied during the day by the gaolers, when not engaged in their ordinary duties. Into this apartment Laurence was sent forward to see that all was clear, when, with a countenance full of terror, he brought back the intelligence that the lobby at that moment was in possession of the senior turnkey. This official had

partaken that evening of an extra libation, in honour of the governor of the gaol's birth day, and forgetting that it was his turn to retire to rest for the night, strolled into the day-room, and according to a favourite habit, had stretched himself at full length on a bench and fallen asleep.

Laurence gave up all as lost. Not only did he shrink from measuring his strength with his savage colleague, but the very thoughts of meeting his eye under his changed position filled him with dismay.

"On, on," whispered the muffled leader with impatience, "if I have been obeyed, and the rope of the alarm-bell displaced, we have nothing to fear." The order had been attended to, and accordingly they advanced with caution, and had already succeeded in making their way over two-thirds of the dingy apartment, when a slight noise aroused the lion in his lair. He sprang upon his feet in an instant, and flew to the spot where the rope of the alarm-bell was usually suspended, but finding it gone he darted forward, and with a frightful oath seized hold of Laurence, whom his anger would soon have annihilated, had not those gone before returned to his assistance. The indignant gaoler was soon overpowered, and being quickly bound hand and foot, was left in this awkward position till the light of day should betray what had occurred and release him. Having by this manœuvre secured their momentary safety, they continued to tread their way through the most intricate twists and turns till they reached the ground floor of an ordinary dwelling-house communicating with the furthest extremity of the gaol. This empty tenement brought them to an open court, through which they hastily passed, and presently found themselves without the precincts of the prison.

Thus, by previous arrangements of the greatest ingenuity and foresight, they succeeded in eluding the vigilant watch of the night-guards, posted, as some of them were, not very far distant from the very route they had to take to get clear of the prison; but all had, however, succeeded so far to the extent of their wishes. As for the two released men, it can be easily imagined what their sensations were when they first felt the cool night breeze blow upon them, and knew they were outside those walls which had so nearly shut them out from mankind for ever! How more than welcome did they greet the happy consciousness that they were once again at liberty, whilst but a few hours previous they had no prospect in view but the scaffold!

The night had become extremely dark. Stormy clouds obscured the little light the moon had hitherto given. It was chiefly by the tramp of the horses that they were able to follow each other. Indeed, it was not till they had proceeded some distance that they perceived their number was reduced to three, and that he who had taken the lead in their escape had left them.

Filled with unbounded thankfulness to this their unknown deliverer, both the Reverend Father and Sir Algernon were impatient beyond measure to discover to whom they were indebted for so much noble generosity, but the quick pace at which they rode made it a matter of impossibility to carry on anything like conversation. However, finding himself at one moment

abreast with Laurence, Sir Algernon made the inquiry with much earnestness, but with little success.

"I am but the willing assistant in this business," said the young man, "and have not permission to name my employer; motives of security prompt this silence on his part, and I have solemnly promised not to break it. He will, no doubt, make himself known to you at the proper moment." Upon saying which, Laurence again took the lead, urging those with him to quicken their pace.

Rejoiced as were the two brothers at the felicitous turn of events, they could not refrain feeling a void in not being able to pour out their sentiments of gratitude in the quarter where it was so mainly due; for though they knew how much they owed to Laurence for his important assistance, that the feat could not have been performed without it, yet it could easily be seen that he was not the mover in the business, that another, his superior in mind and foresight, had planned their extraordinary escape. Who this individual could be they were totally at a loss to conjecture. They had in vain endeavoured to recognise his features whilst making their way through the prison, and notwithstanding at one moment the Reverend Father thought the voice was not quite unknown to him, the fancied recognition went no further, and they both feared they were destined to remain in ignorance of this important fact for ever.

Left to themselves, they continued to follow as well as their worn-out steeds would permit, in the track of Laurence, feeling confident that he who had run such risks in bringing them thus far, would not abandon them till their safety was secure. Continuing some miles further, they arrived within a short distance of their late residence at the Priory. Sir Algernon, notwithstanding the pitchy darkness, soon recognised the locality, and many an endearing remembrance rushed to his mind. His beloved daughter and sister, where were they? When should he behold them again? Would their safety be endangered by his and his brother's escape? Full of anxiety on this point, he again assailed the taciturn Laurence, imploring him to give what information he could respecting his family.

"They wait," replied the young man, "to join you on the beach yonder, where a boat is in attendance to convey us to a foreign vessel, anchored near."

"Oh! unspeakable delight," exclaimed Sir Algernon, "who would have imagined that it were possible such bliss could be in store for me?"

Another half-hour brought the anxious party within the sound of the troubled sea, and a few minutes more the sandy shore.

"Dismount quickly," said Laurence, "you have not a moment to spare. Make your way towards yonder projecting rocks, and there, I trust, you will find your kinswomen." On saying which he hastened away, whilst Sir Algernon and his brother bent their steps to the spot indicated. They looked anxiously around, but the night was dark, which prevented them from discerning any distant object. Their suspense increased, but it was of short duration, footsteps were heard to approach. Sir Algernon sprang

forward, and within a few seconds the most devoted of daughters and tenderest of sisters were clasped in his embrace.

Indeed, it was not without many tears of joy that they were able to express their congratulations to their beloved kinsmen on the happy change in their condition. They were overwhelmed with a thousand questions, the name of their deliverer, the manner of their escape, etc.; but a peremptory summons from Laurence put a stop to further inquiries, and hurried them back to the shore, where a small boat was stationed, into which they entered, and were quickly pushed off from the beach.

How keenly did the rescued men now feel the full force of their complete release! What assurance of security did they not experience as each stroke of the oar bore them further and farther from the land. A land which, though that of their birth, was no friendly one to them. A land which ought to have had as many claims on their affection as it possessed on their loyalty, but which, alas! the cruel circumstances of the times had now estranged for ever from them.

Absorbed in such like reflections, but few words passed between the inmates of the little boat.

The sea ran high, casting its showery spray occasionally over the whole party. Four foreign mariners, well versed in their art, conducted the boat skilfully through the heavy breakers, till a smoother sea enabled it to glide more rapidly along the surface.

It was not till they had proceeded some way that the attention of Sir Algernon was drawn towards the person in charge of the rudder, and who had hitherto, in consequence of the obscurity that prevailed, escaped his observation. Frequently did this individual look to the right and to the left, as if intent upon discovering some object in the distance, which the darkness around made it difficult to descry.

With the exception of this restlessness and an occasional word or two to the men at the oars, he maintained a total silence. Sufficient, however, of his person had struck the penetrating eye of Sir Algernon to make him more than suspect that he was the same who had led the way in their escape from prison, and with this impression he kept his attention fixed upon him till he was convinced it was no other than their mysterious deliverer.

Rejoiced at finding himself once more in the presence of him, whom of all others, he wished most to meet again, he whispered his thoughts to his reverend brother, who sat next to him, and whom he found to have already made the same discovery, but who, with due discretion, enjoined Sir Algernon to bear in mind the injunction referred to by Laurence, whereby the veil of his incognito should not be removed till he should choose to do so himself. Fully impressed with the weight of his observation, Sir Algernon said no more, though with difficulty kept his eyes from being constantly fixed upon the muffled figure at the helm.

The object sought for at length hove in sight. It was a foreign trading vessel of small size, and was lying at anchor at no great distance. This they had no sooner reached than the steersman rising up, said that

not a moment was to be lost in getting on board this barque, as it was of the utmost importance that advantage should be taken of the present wind and tide to enable it to clear the coast before daylight.

The impressive and audible tone in which the above was delivered, and by one who had hitherto observed silence, succeeded in commanding a ready obedience, and each one hastily arose.

Both the Rev. Father and his brother were at a loss how to act at this critical juncture. Were they now to quit him who had saved them from death, without one word of acknowledgment, one expression of gratitude? It was impossible. They must speak out, and accordingly on receiving the hand of the steersman, which had been proffered to assist those leaving the boat, Sir Algernon accosted him in an under tone, imploring him to let him know to whom they were indebted for the preservation of their lives.

"Whoever he may be," was the reply, "be assured that his gratification equals yours for having restored to the world men worthy of brighter days. However, enough for the present; let nought else be thought of but the immediate removal into the foreign vessel."

"Tell him, at least," added the Rev. Father, who had heard what had passed, and followed next—"tell him that if ever hearts could overflow with boundless thanks, they are those of my brother and of myself; and never will they cease to echo the like feelings to the last day of their lives. May the Almighty bless him."

Mistress Trevillers now proceeded in her turn. Neither she nor Urcella had for an instant suspected that any other than one of the ordinary seamen of the boat's crew had been directing the course of their little craft. Their eyes had never travelled towards him at the rudder more than towards any of the others. In truth, the minds of both had been somewhat disturbed, for the time being, by the agitated state of the sea, and which imagined peril had chased away all other thoughts but those of safety for themselves and their companions.

It so happened that, owing to Urcella's incidental position in the boat, she was the last to leave it; and being in the act of doing so, a torch which had lent its light to facilitate the awkward ascent up the ship's side, was accidentally lowered, occasioning its brilliant glare to fall all at once upon the standing steersman, who still remained to render assistance at his post. This unknown individual, hitherto shrouded in the general gloom, now suddenly stood out in a blaze of light, a circumstance of which he took immediate advantage by, flinging aside the disguise that concealed his person, and revealing to the astonished Urcella the startling presence of Gerald Marsdale!

"Now," said the young man, in an agitated tone, "I trust I have given sufficient proof, this night, of the *sincerity* of my devotion towards yourself and those most dear to you. Farewell; may you find in foreign climes that happiness which is denied you in your own. And may he who has thus perilled his life to serve you, claim the reward of an occasional thought in his favour?"

Urcella listened to the speaker with dumb surprise. Did her senses

deceive her? Was it indeed Gerald Marsdale, the misunderstood, the calumniated Gerald, who had done all this for her sake? Admiration, amazement, self-reproach, rushed simultaneously to her throbbing heart, and deprived her of the power of utterance.

The extended hand and the silent tear was all she could offer to mark the intensity of her gratitude. These were not lost upon Gerald. He understood their expression, and raising her hand to his lips, spoke a few words in a low tone which, though lost to Urcella from the noisy confusion around, were, no doubt, of a nature her heart would have gladly welcomed. Before she could recover her self-possession, she was borne aloft, almost unconsciously, by the impatient mariners, leaving the little boat with its now solitary inmate to turn its way back to the shore.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE PERILOUS VISIT.

HAVING reached the shore in safety, Gerald turned the boat adrift, and sought the thicket where he had left his horse. There he threw himself on the green sward, greatly overcome with the fatigues, mental as well as bodily, that he had gone through; and falling into a deep sleep, woke only when the morning was far advanced, and the sun had brightened up the landscape around him. He immediately arose, and turning towards the sea, which was at no great distance, looked out for the foreign merchant vessel. It was not there. It had long sped its way beyond the reach of human eye. Nothing was to be seen but the broad expanse of ocean, unrelieved by the slightest speck. Still, as if spell-bound, he remained motionless, vacantly gazing in the direction of the barque's imagined track. His thoughts were diving into the unknown future. Weighing the impossible with the possible,—difficulties surmounted—change of circumstances—change of times—years of happiness.

Thus was he musing when the restlessness of his horse roused him from his trance, and told him, if he regarded his own safety, he must not tarry there, but continue to carry out his well-digested plan to the last. With this view he returned straight to Bodmin, rushing, as it were, into the lion's mouth, but, in fact, blinding by this bold scheme the suspicion, which, for reasons named presently, might have fallen upon himself.

He reached the town about mid-day, at a time when the escape of the prisoners was the absorbing topic of conversation. At each turn of the street persons were congregated to comment upon the extraordinary event. The lower orders felt as if they had been cheated of an exhibition, to which they had been looking forward with zest and curiosity; and in addition to this strange love of harrowing sights, which even to the present day never fails to draw crowds round a scaffold, a bitter prejudice prevailed against the doomed men, which seemed to imply that unless they paid the forfeit of their lives for their crimes, the safety of peaceable citizens would

be endangered. Others took a different view of the matter—these considered the punishment to exceed far the offence, and were, therefore, not displeased that their town should be spared the painful necessity of witnessing a retribution so awful.

According to Gerald's preconcerted arrangements, his first act on reaching Bodmin was to obtain an interview with the governor of the gaol. This important functionary had been known to Gerald before he was installed in his present situation, an appointment for which he was indebted to Mr. Marsdale senior, and consequently continued to maintain a grateful deference towards the various members of his family. Of this circumstance Gerald did not fail to avail himself by visiting the prison, and thus rendering the scheme he had in view somewhat more feasible. His chief and first object had been to win over the under-turnkey. This he accomplished without much difficulty. The young man had conceived a strong dislike to his situation, and a mortal antipathy to the elder gaoler, circumstances which made him not unwilling to listen to projects, however hazardous, which would release him from his unpalatable duties, and, moreover, assure him an ample provision for life.

Having thus secured this most important auxiliary, Gerald easily arranged the details; the successful issue of which is already known to the reader.

It was the recollection of a casual observation made by the governor of the gaol, respecting the interest which he appeared to feel towards the condemned men, that induced Gerald at this momentous crisis to seek his presence, and by so doing, throw off at once any lurking suspicion that might fall upon himself.

He well knew that the governor would have been immediately informed that Laurence had not acted alone, but in conjunction with another, and who this confederate was would naturally have been a subject of much anxiety and inquiry.

Impressed with this idea, he hastened to the gaol, and reaching its sullen-looking entrance sounded the bell. We will not deny that certain misgivings stole upon him, when he recollected that a few seconds would place him face to face with the very individual whom, not many hours previously, he had bound hand and foot and left overpowered on the ground. And though he had full confidence in the completeness of the disguise he had adopted on the above occasion, still he was conscious that he was encountering no little risk in coming within reach of a second scrutiny.

The appearance, however, of the ordinary porter relieved him from any further apprehension on this head, and he was hastily conducted to the apartment of the governor, it being immediately supposed that he had some urgent communication to make touching the escape of his prisoners.

Within the walls of the gaol all was dismay and confusion. The hurrying to and fro of the authorities, the signing of warrants, the publishing rewards, the despatching men in every direction to overtake and arrest the fugitives, and above all, the indignant wrath of the governor, who, scarcely recovered from a severe indisposition, had been roused to a state of excite-

ment without a parallel. He felt his credit, honor, responsibility, his very situation, fast fading before him, unless, ere night-fall, he could be in a position of announcing to the public that the criminals were again in his custody. Laurence was also beyond his reach, and the threat of vengeance that he thundered upon his head fell harmlessly on the bare walls of the prison. The knowledge that his head turnkey, upon whose athletic strength he had frequently relied, should have been rendered powerless, and left ignominiously prostrate on the ground, increased his anger; it was only when Gerald was suddenly ushered into his presence that his agitation was somewhat calmed, he felt relief in relating the circumstances of the event, adding details which, he little dreamt, could have been so much more correctly given by him he was addressing.

Gerald gave an attentive ear to all he heard, promising to relate, without loss of time the same to his father, and suggest his rendering every magisterial aid in this serious emergency.

The governor was at length somewhat pacified, his wrath had boiled over, and he was now able to thank Gerald for his sympathy, and for his expressions of belief that he, the governor, was innocent of the slightest participation in the nefarious business. To all this Gerald acquiesced most willingly, and concluded by assuring him, that he would take every opportunity of naming the same to those persons whose official situations might give them the means of promoting his removal.

Having thus succeeded in placing himself in a favourable light in the eyes of the governor, he took his leave, and without further delay hurried back to his family at Tregona.

CHAPTER XLII.

PEACE OF MIND.

SINCE the condemnation of the Jesuit Father, the master of Tregona had passed his days in the utmost seclusion. In vain had he endeavoured to banish from his mind a subject which had, for the space of the last three weeks, so heavily oppressed it. In vain did his sorrowing heart try to efface from his memory the part he had played in the unhappy affair. It was of no avail: the fact that he had destroyed the man who had saved his child's life was too glaring for his grateful disposition to forget. And though he trusted that, when the last act of the tragedy should be over, the circumstance would fall into the catalogue of things gone by, and be obliterated by the hand of time, still it was a miserable alternative to rest upon for relief, and one which he was now fortunately spared the putting to the test, by the unexpected and astounding news of the escape of the prisoners.

The effect the intelligence produced on Mr. Marsdale may be easily imagined; he felt as if suddenly relieved from an intolerable load, and able again to breathe freely. His eyes brightened as he listened to the startling story, and a pleasurable expression diffused itself over his countenance,

which he had difficulty in concealing from his informer, Mr. Sandford, who had in his judicial capacity arrived in breathless haste to make the communication to his brother-magistrate, and suggest the most likely modes of re-capturing the fugitives. The latter part of the business Mr. Marsdale begged to leave to his superior ingenuity, being fully determined to wash his hands of all future interference in the matter.

It was in this quiescent state that he was found by his son Gerald, on his return from Bodmin, and pleased was the latter to perceive that his father, who had hitherto studiously avoided touching upon the subject of the prisoners, should now throw off this reserve and express a desire to learn every particular connected with their extraordinary flight. At the same time he was extremely cautious not to let a word pass his lips which might seem to lean towards an approval of what had taken place. Gerald was, however, too clear-sighted not to penetrate his kind father's thoughts, and see the contented feelings that secretly existed there. Strange, indeed, did it seem that he should thus be made the double means of imparting happiness in two such opposite directions, whilst these mutual feelings were so little suspected to exist between the parties themselves.

As for Alice Marsdale, such was her joy at seeing her brother return in safety, that she could scarcely find words to convey her welcome. She was confident it could only be Gerald who had released the kinsmen of her beloved Urcella. She dared not ask the question, but her discerning eye traced the generous deed imprinted on his brow, and she blessed the Beneficent Hand who had permitted him to perform so successfully the perilous feat.

The old tutor was not less gratified to see his friend and patron restored to his former equanimity of spirits, while he himself privately joined in the satisfactory sentiments that prevailed, sentiments which, it was hoped, Humphrey would also have shared had he been at home, were it only for the sake of his indulgent parent.

There was another congenial spirit to whom the stirring event gave satisfaction, this was Mr. Treverbyn, the much-loved minister of the parish. A man who, though sincerely attached to the religion in which he had been reared, had, nevertheless, a respect for the conscientious convictions of others who differed from himself; he had ever been averse to penal enactments, or any kind of constraint that impelled men to embrace tenets which in their hearts they denied.

Under these impressions, he had felt much sympathy for the family at the Priory, and now sincerely concurred in what had taken place; little did he, however, suspect that the chief performer in the drama was so near at hand, and still less that it was his old friend Gerald. It was, indeed, too awful a secret to be imparted to any one at that moment, beyond those concerned.

In the meantime, a most untiring search was made after the fugitives, but, as the reader may guess, with no avail. It was at length concluded that the parties had found means of leaving the country, and all further hopes of their re-capture began to be abandoned. The excitement first

created gradually died away; and the wonderful escape of the prisoners became at last, as all wonderful events do, a stale and worn-out subject.

At Tregona everything had put on a pleasant aspect. Each one vied with the other in making their newly-adopted residence one of cheerfulness and cordiality. Such was the improved state of things when the health of Mr. Marsdale began to show visible symptoms of decline. His constitution, ever of a frail nature, had been considerably shaken by the anxiety of mind he had gone through; and though he had been made happy by certain unlooked-for results, the increasing feebleness of his bodily powers made it too evident to his family that they must, ere long, resign themselves to the misfortune of losing him. And so it proved to be the case. Scarcely eleven months had expired since the eventful trial, when the benevolent master of Tregona, surrounded by his children, sank peacefully into the grave.

Mr. Marsdale was a kind-hearted, good man. His only defects proceeded from the circumscribed education which he had received, and which had strongly imbued his mind with those prejudices so prevalent in his day, but even these gave way when the more exalted feelings of gratitude took possession of his soul.

LAST CHAPTER.

A BREAK must now take place, and three years allowed to elapse before we wind up the thread of our narrative. Matters had undergone considerable changes within the above short period. A new sovereign filled the throne. The penal laws were relaxed. The penalty of death abrogated; and men ventured to follow the dictates of their conscience with less fear of personal molestation.

Humphrey Marsdale had settled himself in the metropolis, pursuing his profession with his former zeal, but carrying out its details with more deference for the feelings of others. He had learnt a lesson from the past, which had somewhat cooled his natural impetuosity, and made him a more amiable member of society.

Gerald frequently absented himself from home. Some said it was to foreign lands that he went. A certain mystery hung over these excursions, which his friends and neighbours explained as best suited their different fancies. Alice alone succeeded in probing his secret, and zealously assisted in carrying out its results. She was too happy to fall in with any views that gave him pleasure; he had done so with respect to herself, by making her the happy wife of his friend Treverbyn, an event long wished for by the good rector, and which Gerald's penetration soon found would be equally welcome to his dear Alice; he thus rejoiced that it should be in his power to forward a union, in every way suitable to her he had ever loved so well.

The old preceptor had not been permitted to separate himself from those with whom the best years of his life had been spent. He was settled in

the sunniest nook of the old mansion, sallying forth as it pleased his humour, to superintend the various changes and improvements, which, in many instances, had proceeded from his own suggestions, and consequently full of interest to him.

The worthy dame Trenchard had also been removed from her lonely abode and placed at the entrance-gates, where she could gaze at that noble pile of buildings, which, through her long life, she had ever looked on with veneration. And though she had done so through weal and through woe, and had even seen them pass into the hands of strangers, still these venerable walls afforded her dim sight a pleasure which no modern structure could produce.

The faithful old Joseph and his daughter were domiciled within the boundary of the garden. Every one had been thought of and made happy. There remained but one crowning climax to complete the general contentment, and this it was Gerald's turn to enjoy. Another trip across the channel effected the propitious result. He returned this time not *alone*. A fair companion shared the voyage, one who had touched the shores before under adverse circumstances, but who, on the present occasion, reappeared in a blaze of joy and beauty, to be triumphantly installed in the halls of her ancestors, as the brilliant and happy bride of Gerald Marsdale.

Scarcely need we descant upon the feelings of him who had placed her there, they can be easier imagined than described.

Gerald had never lost sight of Sir Algernon's daughter. Her beautiful countenance captivated his fancy the first moment he beheld her. Her cultivated and superior mind surprised and charmed him, whilst her bitter self-reproach for doubting his sincerity, touched his heart and made an impression which neither absence or distance could obliterate; the extent of his joy may, therefore, be easily conceived when circumstances, both of a private and public nature, permitted him at length to bear off the prize which had for so long time and so irresistibly taken possession of his heart.

Sir Algernon Trevillers settled himself once more in a foreign land, and was too glad to exchange those angry feelings which the name of Marsdale had hitherto stirred up within his breast for those of blessings, in which his grateful brother and sister fervently joined. Any apprehension of discovering the promoters of the escape had long ceased to exist, owing to the demise of the only confederate in the business, soon after his arrival abroad.

Thus, in perfect security, did Gerald Marsdale see traced out before him a happy future, one that was soon rendered brighter still, by finding himself in a position to carry out certain well-matured religious convictions, whereby he was enabled to pour out his daily thanksgivings to the Most High at the same altar as his beloved wife.

THE END.

PHRENOLOGY.

WHEN the Roman Empire lay in undisputed sovereignty and unruffled calm on the face of the world, its days were numbered, and the overgrown bubble was ready to burst. Phrenology reigns supreme. From the drawing-room to the pantry, from the university to the parish school, few are found who dare deny the supremacy of the mighty system of brain-bumps. If it is less talked of, it is only that people are less inclined to dispute it. But the days of phrenology, too, are numbered. The knowledge of the brain and nervous system has arrived at a point when it no longer requires to be a professed anatomist to see the absurdity of the system; and any unprejudiced man of ordinary education may convince himself, by common inspection of the books within his reach, that the entire system of phrenology is as much a delusion in its way as table-turning, spirit-rapping, and other juggleries.

We will not deny that phrenology has done some good in its day. It has undoubtedly prepared men to consider the brain in its true light, as the great seat and organ of all the phenomena constituting mind. It has, indeed, been exhaustively shown that not the brain merely, but all the nervous dependencies of the brain, in fact, that the whole of the nervous system is concerned in the operations of thought and feeling. Nevertheless, it is a great step towards knowledge to understand that the brain, and not the heart, as some moderns think, or the liver, as the ancients thought, is the true seat of emotion no less than of thought; and for the general inculcation of this truth we are, doubtless, indebted to phrenology. The solitary grain of gold was covered over with cartloads of dross—or, as an energetic friend of ours is pleased to express it, with “tons of bosh”—but there was one grain of gold for which we were thankful, and which we earnestly hope soon to see delivered from the superincumbent weight of rubbish.

Phrenology may be refuted from any one of three classes of considerations, each of which, however, lends strength to the other two. The first is the arbitrary nature of the phrenologist's classification of the mental faculties themselves. Were these various classifications not in themselves absurd, and logically repugnant, still their adaptation to the divisions of the brain would remain purely hypothetical. But when we come to inspect the brain, we find that the divisions alleged in no wise exist, and that while the phrenologists are busy admeasuring the chalky concretions on the skull, the outside of the skull does not correspond to the internal brain. This brings us to the second class of considerations, namely, the brain itself, the slightest knowledge of which is sufficient to show that there is no real foundation in its structure for the absurd theory of bumps. The third and most interesting class of facts adverse to phrenology, is derived from a comparison of the nervous systems of the animal creation with that of man, otherwise called the comparative anatomy of the nervous system, the results of which show the entire futility of phrenology. Before, however, we proceed with the first, let us say, once for all, that however

strongly we may speak of the wonderful absurdities of phrenology itself, we intend not the slightest disparagement of the many thousands, not to say millions, who believe in it. It was no disgrace to believe that the sun turned round the earth, until the contrary was proved. Still, it was somewhat plausible to begin with, and there it is. The majority had no access to anatomical books. Even physicians were taken by storm. Some few were vanquished. Most of them resisted, and lent a recalcitrant ear to the phrenological prophets. But it is not to be wondered at that unprofessional men, without brains at their disposal to inspect, and without scientific training, should be cozened by a plausible confusion between physiognomy and phrenology, and overcome by the barefaced and conceited lies of men who pretended, by a great array of compasses applied to men's heads, to tell the contents, which they had never really studied. Thus, Gall, the author of the doctrine, who professes to have studied the brains of all the mammalia from the mouse to the elephant, is content with mapping out their skulls. Their brains he has not described. He has left no account of the convolutions peculiar to the different species of animals. His whole system is one of craniology, a branch in reality of physiognomy, and no more necessarily connected with the moral and mental workings or constitution of the inner brain, than are the chalky deposits upon a gouty man's joints. Of course, when he talked of having examined all these skulls, people in general, with no very definite notion between a skull and a brain, took it for granted that he had examined everything that ought to be examined.

"The hearers of the case became repeaters,
Then advocates, abettors, judges;
Some for amusement, others for old grudges."

Perhaps, however, the most marvellous part of phrenology is the classification of mental faculties to which it has given rise. We follow the popular edition of the diagrams in the shop-windows, representing a head containing thirty-five pictures, designed to impress upon the minds of inquirers, the functions and natural language of the organs. If, on opening a brain, it appeared that there is a part of the substance corresponding to any of these thirty-five qualities, we should not be at liberty to quarrel with facts; but there is no such difference of substance in the brain, the utmost care has not been able to detect the slightest distinction in the nervous tissue, beyond the two main divisions of white matter and gray matter, which prevail throughout the whole nervous system. The substance of the brain in the head is the same as in the fingers or the toes. Such being the case, the thirty-five divisions of the faculties referred to are mere metaphysical preconceptions, extemporized apart from any knowledge of the brain, and applied at random, according to the fancy of the phrenological juggler. Now, if qualities are located in and due to bumps, how is it that opposite qualities are the result of identical substance? Thus, for instance, "Adhesiveness" is intended by the phrenologists to be the opposite of "Combativeness," as love is of hatred. Is there any antagonism between the representative substances in the brain? Why, on

opening the brain at those spots, is the substance identically the same? How is it that the substance of the brain is identically the same for "Constructiveness" and "Destructiveness," for "Acquisitiveness," and a faculty which the phrenologists do not mention, but with which, though the phrenologists are not much acquainted, we cannot plead our ignorance, "Alienativeness?" We leave these elementary questions to the reader, with a gentle suggestion to repair at once to some phrenological lion, and ask him the question in all simplicity.

What might have been expected in a system founded on bare supposition follows, as a matter of course, that phrenological doctors are divided among themselves as to the classification. Some assume an organ of matrimony, which others reject. But there is also a dilemma which applies to almost any set of faculties taken two and two throughout the phrenological lists of all the phrenological disputants. Thus, any two bumps, such as Benevolence and Self-Esteem, involve a common quality or faculty, which has no bump of its own, from which it would follow that there are faculties in the mind which have no representative bumps in the brain, and if so, what is the system of bumps worth? Or, if not,—if, that is, the phrenologist denies that there is any such common quality involved, he contradicts the commonest dictates of experience, which declare that such and such faculties do exist, and that they are denied merely to suit the purpose of an imaginary theory. This, of itself, would suffice to upset the phrenological scheme. But we also desire to point out further, that the cerebrum and cerebellum—the *greater brain* and *little brain*—which the phrenologist too hastily assumed to be the seat of the faculties which he invents, are not in any sense an assemblage of mental faculties, but in reality mere *batteries* (the largest, it is true,) of nervous influence, supplying and regulating the complicated and interdependent, the mutually acting and re-acting, net-work of the nerves of sense and motion, whose centres are grouped round the optic thalami. The brain is, in fact, but the chief among all the telegraphic stations occupied in the generation and transmission of nervous influences throughout the human frame.

The whole of the nervous system, not the brain merely, is concerned directly and indirectly, remotely or immediately, in every mental operation. This conclusion is not by any means novel to the philosophical anatomist. It is an elementary fact, long familiar to physiologists, that every act of thought, every mental emotion, is accompanied with a corresponding and proportionate expenditure of nervous tissue. Combining this with the further fact, that if the brain is separated from the spinal cord and spinal nerves it ceases to act, though supplied with all the other elements of vitality, it follows at once that the brain is not a *self-sufficient* organ of thought or feeling. If we further reflect upon the identity of the substance throughout the whole of the nervous system, which is such that the tissues of the most delicate nerve in the tip of the finger, are identical with the nervous tissues of the brain, and if we also remember that the whole nervous system, from tip to toe, is interdependent, and forms a net-work and telegraphic system, by means of stations and nerve-wires, whereby the

kingdom of man's economy lives, moves, and has its being in harmonious order, we shall have very little difficulty in realising what every anatomist well knows, that the organ of mind is not the brain by itself, but the brain and its dependencies—the nerves and organs of sense. In the present state of our knowledge, it is an entire misconception to talk of a *sensorium* within the brain, a *sanctum sanctorum*, or inner chamber, where impressions are formed and stored up to be reproduced in a future day. There is no such chamber, no such mode of reception of outward influence. A stimulus or sensation acting on the brain exhausts itself in the production of a number of transmitted currents, or influences. While the stimulus is alive, these continue, and when these have ceased, the impression is exhausted. The revival of the impression is the setting on of the currents anew; such currents show, in actuating the bodily members—the voice, the eyes, the features—in productive action, or in mere expression and gesture. The currents may have all degrees of intensity, from the fury of a death-struggle to the languor of a half-sleeping reverie, or the fitful flashes of a dream, but their nature is still the same. We must thus discard for ever the notion of the *sensorium commune*, the cerebral closet, as a central seat of mind, or receptacle of sensation and imagery.

All the mental phenomena are due to currents of nerve force. The transmission of influence along the nerve fibres from place to place seems the very essence of cerebral action. This transmission, moreover, must not be confined within the limits of the brain; not only could no action be kept up and no sensation be received by the brain alone, but it is doubtful if even thought, reminiscence, or the emotions of the past and absent, could be sustained without the more distant communications between the brain and the rest of the body—the organs of sense and of movement. It is true, that between the separate convolutions of the brain, between one hemisphere and another, influence might be imagined to pass and repass without flowing into the active extremities, or to the five senses, and might thus constitute an isolated cerebral life; but it is in the highest degree improbable that such isolation can or does exist. Nervous influence, rising in great part in sensation, comes at last to action; short of this nothing is done, no end served. However feeble the currents may be, their natural course is towards the organs accustomed to their sway. Hence the propriety of considering the brain as a part only of the machinery of mind; for, although a large part of all the circles of mental action lie within the head, other parts, equally indispensable, extend throughout the body.

But, it may be said, all this may be true, and yet at the top of the system, each faculty may sit in its own particular bump, working its own particular wires, and all the faculties together in august conclave, perched like so many spiders—green, red, yellow, blue—each bent upon catching its particular fly. It might be so, certainly. Unluckily for the apparent poetry of the system of mental spiders sitting over man's brain and administering his bumps, there is nothing to show it is so, and everything to show it is not. Of this a very slight sketch of the actual formation of the brain

will, we think, convince any impartial reader.* The nervous substance of the brain is of two kinds, one composed of fibres, the other of cells. The fibres constitute what is called the "white" matter, and perform the duties of transmissive wires in the nervous system. The cells, which make up the "gray" matter, are chiefly confined to the ganglia, that is, to centres, which are, in fact, stations for the production and reception of nervous energy distributed throughout the nervous system. With the exception of the enveloping membranes sheathing the brain and nerves, and totally unconcerned in mental phenomena, such are the whole constituents of the brain. The gray matter, then, is the seat of nervous action and reaction; the white matter of the intercommunication of that energy. Now, if a certain quantity of gray matter, constituting a centre, or battery of nervous action, that is, of mental activity, is really the organ of a phrenological faculty—say of concentrativeness—of what faculty is an equal amount of identical substance in the pit of the stomach? Nerve centres of different sizes, ranging from an invisible point up to the volume of half the cerebral hemispheres, are scattered all over the body. They are throughout, practically speaking, homogenous. They are, directly or indirectly, concerned in every mental affection, from the twilight of a dream to the phrenzy of passion; and if particular faculties are located under the forehead, there must be faculties hitherto unchristened (what a baptism to come) in the chin, nose, ears, arms, fingers, legs, nay toes! Here are new continents for nomenclature wonderful! Here are new voyages of discovery in store for the phrenologist! Here are ultima Thules, new Atlantides for gorgeous description, to be marvellous in men's eyes!

If any faint resemblance to the phrenological system of bumps could be found in the constitution of the brain, the truth is that it would be far down in the inside of the brain itself, at the grand junction and root of all the great nerves appertaining to the organs of sense, meeting with the spinal cord in its development, and forming certain, fixed, definite, and remarkable protuberances, which are, however, due to necessities of position, and not in any wise to special faculties. But, as for the hemispheres themselves underlying the skull, they are merely the largest among the ganglia, vast homogenous laboratories of nervous energy to supply the internal machinery of the senses—the upper or cerebral hemispheres ministering to the organs of perception and sensation, the lower or cerebellian hemispheres regulating the movements of the body and limbs, as has been proved by an experiment in so many aspects remarkable, and among other things so fatal to phrenology, that, without any intention to tread upon clinical ground, we will venture upon its broader features. It is well known, that if we survey the kingdom of brain-provided animals, from the bat to the rhinoceros, all the brains are built upon the same grand type, consisting, apart from a very complex *internal* mechanism, to the larger lying symmetrically, opposite one another, at the top and in front, the lesser also lying symmetrically op-

* An elaborate and interesting paper on the subject appeared in the preceding volume of this Magazine.

posite at the back and bottom of the head, over the nape of the neck. These are called the cerebellian hemispheres. The communication with the rest of the brain is through the grand highway of the spinal marrow at the point, where it takes the name of Pons Varolii. The upper hemispheres constitute the cerebrum, or greater brain. This premised, the experiment consisted in the abstraction alternately of the greater and lesser brain from a pigeon. When the greater brain was taken away, volition and sensation were in abeyance. There was no origination of motion or symptom of design, and a total absence of sensation. If pushed, its wings spread, and its position was regained with ease. All the movements were harmonious, natural, and co-ordinated. Not so, however, when the lesser brain was removed, leaving the greater hemispheres untouched. Now the bird could both see, and hear, and feel; but all its movements became confused. The loss of the top part of the cerebellum, or little brain, caused motion backwards; of the left or right side, motion to the right or left. Total abstraction occasioned the total loss of *regular* movement.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the operation in itself, however to be deprecated for mere purposes of cruelty, is one comparatively painless, so far as the brain is concerned, inasmuch as the hemispheres are not, as is well known, themselves subject to direct pain by being touched. Now, this experiment alone upsets the whole of phrenology at one fell swoop. For we now know that the little brain, or cerebellum, lying at the back of the head, over the nape of the neck and behind the ears, is alone concerned in the regulation and subordination of all the mechanical movements. Thus, walking, jumping, flying, the movement of the fingers in playing the piano or any other instrument, in short, all the myriad combinations of motion and rhythm are regulated by the lesser brain. Not only so, but this action is unaccompanied, in the lesser brain, by any idea or sensation whatever. For without the greater brain the movements retain their regularity under total blindness, deafness, and stony unconsciousness. And yet here was the very cerebral paradise in which, with his myriad troop of lazy, delicious sensations, and gaudy visions, Cupid, according to the phrenologist, reclined with brand and bow. Here, too, lay the rival kingdom of philo-progenitiveness and the Saturnian realm of inhabitiveness, with the conflicting power, side by side, of destructiveness (diabolical dominion), unrythmical domain of confusion worse confounded. What shall we say, however, when, on turning from the brain, we consider the *bone* of man's skull—

“That ghostly monitor, and most
Experienced our wasting sand in summing;
That grave domestic finger-post
Of Life—an emblem of the shadows coming”—

upon which the phrenologist has ingeniously mapped the geography of the mind. What, when on turning to the commonest manual of anatomy, we find that behind the bump of individuality, which lies over the nose, there is a large abhorrent hole, a cavity in the bone itself of every man's skull,

and that while the bone, perforated with this large cavity, besides countless lesser cavities, swells into large proportions over the eyes, the unconscious brain, (unconscious of its phrenological dignities,) retreats inglorious, and unmindful of individuality. Are we, therefore, to suppose that individuality is blessed with a hollow of its own to live, remote from the baser throng of faculties ignoble? It is, in fact, to be confounded with neither bone nor brain. But there is more. If we follow the string of faculties, "Individuality," "Eventuality," "Comparison," "Benevolence," "Veneration," "Self-Esteem," etc., on which phrenology loves to dwell, and which lie upon the ridge or line drawn from the nose over the head to the neck, in other words, which fall upon the median line, we find that they really correspond to Zero. All along that line, the membranes which envelop the brain meet and make a deep indenture, both hemispheres of the brain retreating, and leaving the poor phrenological colony unsupported by a brain government. Rashly, alas, was the colony planted upon the barren rock. Adieu, "Benevolence," and thou, "Veneration," as tenderly felt by lover and mistress, rightly thinking that where love may flag, mystic adoration should revive the flame!

We have no desire to turn into derision a subject that may well claim to be treated with respect. If any ridicule could attach to the organs of the highest part of man's existence, his thought and feeling, it must be due most of all to the wonderful crudities and shallow inventions of phrenology, alike contemptible to the metaphysician and the natural philosopher. We cannot, indeed, repeat too emphatically how excusable we readily admit a belief in phrenology to be on the part of unprofessional people, who have no opportunity of studying the matter or inspecting the internal conformation of the brain. But it is a lamentable fact, we think, that in spite of the vast amount of physiological knowledge attained, knowledge of the deepest importance and interest to mankind, so few are in possession even of its elementary facts. Nor can we understand upon what principle children should not be taught the elementary structure of the chief parts of the animal frame, and so provided in youth with correct facts as to be secured, when they begin to think for themselves, against all the waste of fruitless wanderings in the desert of error, a prey to every designing impostor or misguided sciolist. There are two kinds of knowledge: one directory, the other exhaustive; one corresponding to a knowledge of a map, the other to personal travel through the countries themselves. So long as maps are not considered as useless in their way, even to those who never travel, we cannot see that knowledge of the main outlines of the various medical sciences can be said to be useless to everybody but the actual physician or surgeon, and it is with the utmost regret we find that the following words can be quoted as having been even spoken by so distinguished an observer as Horace Mann: "I look upon phrenology as the guide to philosophy and the handmaid to Christianity." We commend this to every collector of climax and hyperbole in the natural history of rubbish.

A SKETCH IN ULTRAMARINE.

WE were on our way to the south of France, where we were to spend some months. What a wild boisterous January day that was that found us at Folkstone, and how the bright sun mocked us, as we stepped in anything but good humour on board the steamer that was to convey us to Boulogne!

We had been obliged to leave London at the unearthly hour of 5. 30. a. m., and felt cruelly aggrieved by the tidal arrangements that had rendered such a course necessary, as we on principle object to early rising. In an elaborate déjeuner at Folkstone, however, we were to give our sorrows an honourable burial. Alas! alas! man proposes. Our wishes were not to be realised, the train, delayed from various causes, rushed breathlessly into Folkstone, just in time to catch the steamer, and disappointed, thoroughly cross, mercilessly jeered at by the laughing sun, we hurried on board.

Our cup of misery was not, however, quite full, till, *volens volens*, we had to descend to the lower regions, which we should not have been tempted to explore, had not the heavy seas the boat shipped, and from which no amount of waterproofs and railway rugs proved sufficient to protect us, threatened to a certainty to wet us through. The sun, too, at the best of times rather fickle in his attentions, had suddenly retired in dudgeon, and had been succeeded by Jupiter Pluvius, who poured heavy showers upon us with indefatigable zeal, and finally drove us below. There we found the usual assemblage of individuals indigenous to steamers only, arranged in the most fantastic of head gear, the unfortunate steward vainly trying to become ubiquitous, and sounds of woe on every side. With difficulty, from the very crowded state of the cabin, we succeeded at last in gaining a haven of refuge in one end of a sofa, unfortunately for us in the immediate neighbourhood of two foreigners, who, poor things, suffered from *mal de mer*, and, evidently thought their last hour had come. "*Ah! quelles souffrances! Grand Dieu! épargnez moi!*" was gasped out whenever they had an unoccupied moment. As for the steward, if he found time during our *trajet* to Boulogne to deliver even a fifth part of all the wild messages he was charged with for the captain, we can only say his activity was prodigious. Everything, however, has an end sometime, and wretchedness, in the shape of an over-crowded cabin, is no exception to the general rule. Boulogne drove all sea miseries away, and the same individuals whom we had seen in *déshabille* and abject misery, were hardly recognisable in the smart, boasting passengers in the omnibus that conveyed us to the station of the railway to Paris. Where were the yellow silk handkerchiefs in which our friends' heads had been tied up in such woe-begone style? Those consolers in adversity, now prosperity had come, were discarded in scorn, a type, alas! of what we often see passing around us. Our moralizing reverie was abruptly cut short by our arrival at the large refreshment-rooms at the station, where we were detained about an hour. Then on to Paris,

through that well known undulating country, here and there pretty—an expansive, park-like landscape, from the absence of fences. The straight lines of pollarded poplars, upon whose stripped condition the compassionate mistletoe had taken pity, and luxuriantly clothed with a thick garment of her own leaves, gave a formality to the scenery, which made it almost monotonous.

Paris which, unlike most beauties, is always in good looks, and is seen to advantage both by night and day, looked as brilliant as usual as we drove through her crowded streets to our hotel. The rain, though apparently wetting enough, did not seem to have been able to damp the energy of the “*flâneurs*,” for the *Boulevards* were as gay as possible, even on this wet January evening. Our hotel was thoroughly French, built round a court-yard of orange trees open to the air. Upon this court the coffee-room opened by glass doors. While we made our tea, the waiter watched our proceedings with considerable interest, but at last, aghast at the amount we put into the tea-pot, could no longer control his feelings, and hazarded a remark, that strong tea was “very dangerous.”

“Perhaps to those not used to it,” we suggested, while heaping up another spoonful. “Ah!”—he drew a long breath, and went on to say, that not having been at all well a few days before, he had gone to a “*Café Anglais*” to drink tea medicinally, and from the effects of that tea he had not yet recovered, though they had only given him “just a pinch of leaves” in a great deal of water. “Then,” we said, “that was the very cause of his sufferings; tea, if largely adulterated with water, became very unwholesome,” a theory quite opposed to his pre-conceived notions, and from which we may hope he in future profited. He escorted us to our several bed-rooms with truly paternal care, and having turned down our beds and performed other chambermaid services, he left us with the kind wish that we might “sleep the sleep of the just.”

His aspirations were realised; we were quite unmolested by any of those nocturnal visitors who so often storm the citadel of one's bed, and feast gluttonously on the helpless victims they find there. We had not been devoured even partially, when we awoke in the morning of our one day in Paris. We devoted the morning to Notre Dame and La Saint Chapelle, whose glories never pall, and where new beauties come to light every time they are seen. In the afternoon we were “*flanant*” in the “*Elysian Fields*”; the evening was judiciously occupied in dining at Philippe's, the king of *restaurateurs*. The next day saw us on our way to Bordeaux. Our fellow-travellers were very good company; one of them, an Abbé, furnished us considerable amusement by his hobby, that “*buffets*” were an invention of the evil one, and that it was most dangerous ever to eat *en voyage*, “except, indeed, perhaps an apple, or some such trifle.” He descanted with such eloquence on this theme, that we must confess to having felt considerable relief when, on reaching Angoulême, where our English natures rendered feeding on rather a substantial scale necessary, to discover that our ecclesiastical friend was too happily occupied in dream-land to be conscious of the long visit we had to one of the highly-reprobated

refreshment-places. Bordeaux possesses the unenviable notoriety of being the dearest town in France, Paris not excepted. Its beauties and merits we need hardly here enlarge on—they are too well known—but proceed to our ultimate destination, Arcachon, a village about two hours' distant from Bordeaux by rail, where we established ourselves for some months.

Few English, famed though my country-people are for ubiquity, are acquainted with this charming nook in the department of "La Gironde," with its delicious spring climate, its immense pine forest, stretching on for forty miles without a break in its dark green foliage, and its unsophisticated inhabitants. Arcachon has sprung into existence within the last twenty years. Twenty years hence it will probably be a fashionable resort in winter and spring. Meanwhile, before it is spoiled by English visitors, Arcachon is charming. Her picturesque *chalets* gladden the eye; each generally standing in its own garden, which becomes a blaze of gorgeous colouring as spring advances. Yes, Arcachon looks very lovely, when in April and May her pine trees and acacias scent the air with their rich profusion of blossoms, the "Mediterranean" heath in the forest is a mass of bloom, and pleasant sights and sounds abound on all sides. Arcachon is on the sea. In front she looks out upon the tranquil Bassin d'Arcachon, as the arm of the Bay of Biscay that washes her shores is called. Behind is the long stretch of unbroken pine-forest, the lordly pines towering in majestic grandeur above the mazy underwood of arbutus and heaths of many varieties.

The advent of English visitors was an event of some note in the annals of Arcachon, and when it became known that we were about to make some stay, and search among the many picturesque villas for one suitable to our wants, great excitement prevailed. We could hardly venture outside our hotel doors, without finding ourselves a great object of attraction and the centre of a group of anxious house-holders, each of whom had houses to dispose of that were perfection in every respect, at least in their own estimation. One old lady held forth, with a volubility to which a French-woman only could ever hope to attain, upon the "ombrage délicieux" of the acacias in her garden, quite undeterred by the fact that in January they were leafless. We, if we went to her, could dine under their shade, "in a bower, the scent of which was too delicious to be described." "And the insects, madame?" we ventured to remark. "Oh, for that matter, in *her* garden, there never were any." We have, however, the very bad taste to dislike *al fresco* meals; under all circumstances, even the most favourable, they are to us a delusion and a snare. This is an oddity, we admit, but, then, English people *are* eccentric, they can't help their nature; and this being so, we declined the possible enjoyments and certain catarrhs of the acacia bower, with many assumed pangs of regret. Madame was inconsolable—so were we, and we parted the best of friends. There were plenty of houses to choose amongst, the merits of Arcachon as a winter residence not being yet appreciated. In the height of summer, indeed, the Bordeaux merchants and their belongings resort to Arcachon for sea-bathing, which is to be had to great perfection, the tide not going ever out far. Then, say in

July and August, dust and noise reign supreme, and act the tyrant; the shelter of the pine forest, so grateful in spring, becomes oppressive, and those who are wise "take to themselves wings and flee away." In the trying months of February and March, the climate is delightful; the balmy medicated air of the pine forest is also most efficacious in affections of the lungs and chest.

After some days, we found ourselves the happy possessors of a picturesquely-situated house, surrounded on all sides by its garden. Beyond, the stately pines stood, our immovable, unsleeping guardians. Our sitting-rooms faced the sun, and opened upon a wooden verandah-shaded gallery, which encircled the house, and from which a double flight of wooden stairs descended to the garden.

We often made excursions into the forest, where we discovered new beauties almost every day. As the season advanced, the wood-cutters began to be busy scraping the pine trees for turpentine and resin. One day, as we were lying lazily under a tree, far up in the forest, a wood-cutter, with unique rungless ladder on his shoulder, and attended by a black goat which followed him like a dog, began his scraping operations on some of the pines in our neighbourhood, and we got into conversation with him. He was very thirsty of information about England. "Did it ever stop raining in our father-land?" "Had we any mountains there?" We at once launched out into what we flattered ourselves was quite an eloquent oration on the glories of some of our mountain chains; but when breathless, we paused for a reply, our *résinier* said: "Ah, he would not like the English mountains from our description; they were only rocks, not sand-hills, as they had in France; besides—*bons n'avez point de Bassin non plus en Angleterre n'est ce pas, bons n'avez que la mer.*" With all our patriotism, we had to acknowledge that "le Bassin" did not exist in Great Britain, which announcement, considerably to our amusement, gratified him immensely. Another day, returning from La Teste to Arcachon through the forest, we determined to take a short cut, and, as might be expected, lost our way. Rather in perplexity as to how to find it again, we seated ourselves at the junction of six avenues, perhaps, like the German doctor of old, to try and in reflection solve the problem from a sense of its "moral consciousness." Before we had succeeded, however, a little fisher-boy broke in on our solitude, and proposed, on hearing our difficulties, that we should go with him, and he would undertake to guide us to the "*Bassin.*"

He had been sent by the fishermen with whom he lived, at the fishing station opposite, "*de Phare,*" across the forest early in the morning, to La Teste for a supply of wine and bread, laden with which he was now returning home. The wine was carried in a small barrel which he wore slung behind him, the loaves, each nearly a yard long, hung in a net in front.

Poor little fellow! he confided to us before long that he was not sorry to have company crossing the forest, "it was so dreary all alone." He was an ornamental little fellow, too, and we should like to have a portrait of him as he trudged along beside us, his mop of dark curls crowned with a white cap, his only other clothes a very becoming dark blue flannel shirt,

and very wide, rather dilapidated gray calico trowsers, apparently waifs from somebody else's wardrobe, from beneath which the small brown feet looked forth now and then, to get a peep at the world. We found him very conversational. He treated us to a flood of talk about the turpentine, the wolves, which were now but seldom seen, and himself and things in general, (ourselves included,) and so beguiled the way pleasantly enough, until he brought us at last to the fishermen's station on the shores of the *Bassin*, not very far from its junction with the "*Grande mer*," for we could see in the distance the great showers of spray thrown up spitefully by the angry waves of the Bay of Biscay in its fury, at the "*Cap du Sud*," for opposing their passage up to Arcachon. Here we rested, and a two hours' walk along the strand brought us to Arcachon.

When in the mood for solitude, we used to stroll into the forest, and in ten minutes found ourselves in the midst of complete silence, only broken now and then by the sounds of some distant wood-cutter, plying his hatchet.

What a contrast if we bent our steps to the main-street or strand! Here we are in the midst of a scene of animation and bustle, thoroughly French. The picturesque is scattered broadcast most unsparingly. How can we, with only black and white at our disposal, paint the costumes true to nature? to say nothing of our inability to represent the *talking*, that our friends the French never forget to take with them wherever they go. Even the very *gamins* playing at marbles on the footway, and whom we would have thought, as a class, were superior to vanity, seem decidedly to have studied the becoming in the arrangement of their clothes. Here comes a long procession of fishermen and fisherwomen, wending their way home from oyster-dredging, laden with baskets of their spoil. Which are the men and which the women we may fairly ask. It was some time before we discovered that the gay, many-coloured silk handkerchief floating from the heads of some members of the party, formed the peculiar characteristic of the lady fisherman, who generally discards her petticoats in favour of immense fishing boots, put on over her wide scarlet or blue flannel trowsers. The Arcachon oysters are small but well-flavoured, the beds principally belong to M. Pereira, who, we need hardly say, must find them a lucrative possession. Let us now introduce to your notice, my reader, Mademoiselle Louise, *blanchisseuse de fin*, the beauty of Arcachon, (where, however, good looks abound,) who, under the pretext of wanting just *un petit peu*, the smallest possible little grain of starch, comes out, like the rest of the world, for a gossip. How handsome she looks in her coquettish white cap, with its beautifully crimped border, and her hands in the pockets of her braided apron. Even Jacquot, generally considered the most morose of green parrots, unbends at her charms, and makes her a series or low courtier-like bows from his perch at the *épicier's* door.

Jacquot is a favourite of ours. We admire talent wherever it is to be found, and Jacquot is the cleverest of clever birds. To us he is civility itself, though his temper (even the great have their weaknesses) is not, we must confess, always irreproachable, and he will only admit a favoured few terms of familiarity. When we now go up to him, and praise the grace of

the profound Mademoiselle Louise, quite in good humour, he sidles bashfully along his perch, and after pausing reflectively for a moment, with averted, drooping head, as if to hide his blushes, he coyly offers us his hand, and finally clambers on our shoulder, from which eminence he harangues the busy street with more vigour than politeness. He goes with us very willingly into several neighbouring shops, but when we think to inveigle him home with us, he makes such a violent attack with his beak on our straw hat, that we have to deposit him again on his perch.

And what is this unearthly looking object striding up the street, covering a dozen paces at a stride? At first we instinctively think of the "tall Agrippa" of the story-book, who was "so tall, he almost reached the sky." Can it be the great Agrippa really exists in the flesh? and are we going to make the acquaintance of such an historical personage? Ah! our hopes are blasted, the monster turns out to be a herdsman from the *Landes*, his gigantic stature arises from his being mounted on stilts fully five feet high. No wonder that he clears the ground at such a pace. On his back he bears a gigantic fishing-basket, out of which dangle the heads of the unfortunate fowl he has brought to sell to the Arcachonais public. Like John the Baptist, his sheep-skin garment, which he wears the woolly side out, is girded round his waist by a leathern girdle, in his right hand he carries a wand, twice as long as himself, which he uses as a walking-stick.

How the children scatter as he comes near! A servant girl is giving an account of the terrors she felt the first time she saw him, how she took to flight, and how he gained on her, "how could she escape from a monster who crossed a large garden just in two steps?" It was hopeless. Her legs failed her, and she dropped breathless and trembling behind a bush, and gave herself up for lost. To her unspeakable relief, on he strode. She supposed he could not see down to the ground, and she escaped his notice, but had palpitation for a week afterwards from her shock, which graphic description elicits a mixed tribute of sympathy and derision from the listeners.

That imposing looking personage on the opposite side of the street, in blue velvet coat, conical hat, and peaked beard à l'*Espagnol*, and who, indeed, does not look unlike a Spanish grandee, as he slowly lounges along, his cloak hanging on one shoulder, is our good friend the *pharmacien*, who possesses the distinction of being the only inhabitant of Arcachon who can speak any English. As for ourselves the people never tire of expressing their intense admiration at our fluency in that language, quite oblivious of the fact that it is our native tongue. We follow Monsieur F. into his shop for the pleasure of a talk in English, and he tells us he is returning from a visit to a gentleman, who is staying at one of the hotels, a countryman of our own, who cannot speak one word of French, and who is known to the Arcachonais public under the somewhat unusual name of *Monsieur Flantagache*, so very unsuccessful an attempt at the real patronymic (which is not Flanigan, or anything the least like it), that we defy any one to guess the riddle of the surname therefrom. Whenever signs fail, our friend the *pharmacien* is summoned to act interpreter, and,

as might be expected, presides at sufficiently ludicrous scenes. Here a bustle in the street reaches our ears, and on going to the shop-door, we find that an Irish friend of ours has arrived on the scene, and proposed foot-races to the *gamins*, who seize on the idea with eagerness, and cries of, "*Des courses, des courses,*" rend the air.

Even the little four-year-old, in purple pinafore, intends to try his chance. Meanwhile, that little urchin of three, who is under a vow only to wear blue and white, and whose life seems to be spent in the futile attempt to make dirt-pies out of sand, seizes the opportunity afforded by the general confusion to make a surreptitious attack on Jacquot's tail, which our friend regrets so warmly that the little dirt-pie architect is carried off the scene in floods of tears, and Jacquot is somewhat unjustly sentenced to confinement indoors, at which he complains loudly.

The runners are now divided into three batches, some yards between each, the sabots are thrown off, the signal given, and off they go. Purple pinafore's little efforts to keep in front soon fail, and he is left standing alone in the middle of the street, half inclined to cry, till he betakes himself to his never-failing friends and comforters, thumbs, which soothe all his sorrows, and which he placidly sucks with an air of the most thorough enjoyment, and stoutly refuses to part with, even when we offer him an apple in exchange. Ah! my little friend, may you always be equally staunch in your friendships and superior to bribery.

But the runners are returning. One has shaken his rivals well off, and passes the winning-post, winning easily; the second and third have a very close and exciting struggle, but the very swarthy lad with large ear-rings, finally comes in second, amidst great applause; and number three is consoled by a present of apples. A scramble for nuts then takes place, after which we turn our steps homeward.

How the great waggons we meet on our way, laden with resin from the forest, remind us of Rosa Bonheur's pictures! As they slowly advance towards us, the fore-shortened view of the whole machine presents a most extraordinary appearance, and a nearer inspection of the unique harness arrangements does not detract from the peculiarity of the *tout ensemble*. The unfortunate mules look anything but happy under the ladder-like yoke, between the rungs of which their heads are passed, and seem considerably to bemoan the unsociability of the arrangements, by which their heads are kept nearly three feet asunder, and all demonstrations of friendship thus relentlessly prevented. The waggons are on their way to La Teste de Buch, a town about two miles from Arcachon, whose days of glory are now long gone by, though a faint reflection of the old halo of glory still glimmers over the *habitat* of the "Captaux de Buch," those mighty men of valour of the middle ages. And now, my reader, we must part, perhaps some future day we may meet again, and together lionize "le Phare," which presides like a beneficent deity over the cruel Bay of Biscay, and tries to check his destructive propensities; for the present we can only say
Adieu.

X.

EMBLEMS OF LIFE.

It is a noon of Autumn, calm and gray ;
Coming October colours the sad wooda,
Sweet scents of withering foliage float the noon ;
And the leaves trickle from the pining boughs
 'Mid airs inconstant moved,
 And melancholy gleams.

The year seems pausing ; o'er the landscape sere
A mellow stillness broods, unbroken save
By voices vague from orchards near the sea,
Or distant uplands tented with dry corn—
 Or when the smoky town
 Tolls slow the dreamy hour.

So moves the day ; but ere its listless life
Ends in the cloudy west, with kindly looks
And piteous cast across the earth—a wind,
Through the red glooming curtains of the west,
 Stirs—and the thickening clouds
 Herald a night of rain.

The big drops fall ; the heavy drifts succeed,
And through the wet-leaved trellaced casement space
The earth with darkness and with deluge teems ;
While from the drenched dripping garden glooms,
 In sighs of rain-loosed scent
 The dry herb finds relief.

Within, the wood-fire crackles on the hearth,
Unwarmed since the Spring's last frosty eve,
Gay flickering on old volumes that have been
Our Summer comrades by the fields and shore ;
 Old tomes now doomed like us
 To indoor life again.

Now heavily the Autumn deluge pours—
Now lessens—and low down along the east
The last thin quarter crescent of the moon
Rises, low glimmering through the drifts of rain ;
 And on its lustrous edge
 A dark sail far to sea.

THE HISTORY OF A LITTLE FINGER.

FIRST RING.

My first ring was neither of gold or jewels; it was simply a hair ring, but, for all that, one of the most precious I ever wore. To tell how I got it, I must look back through the clouds of many years, to a particular month in one which still rises upon my recollection illuminated with a paradisaical lustre.

It was in my sixteenth summer. The vacations had commenced, and I had gone down to pass a month of leisure and sunshine at a friend's house, in a pretty rural region, where at this season, for several years, I had been accustomed to resort. The second evening after my arrival, dinner over, I was seated with my host, who, passing the decanter with an air of manly equality, chatted with me on various subjects—the sunshine streaming through the western windows into the room, and the music of the piano overhead being the only sound that broke upon the bright silence of the afternoon. I had answered his crux in the Greek metres off-hand, and had even put him down in a triumphant manner, when (after his second tumbler,) the subject being logic, I had found him so much at sea as to confound an enthymeme with a sorites, when his daughters entering the room, bonneted and scarfed for their evening promenade, demanded that I should be their cavalier.

My fair friends were merry girls, and away we went down the old poplar avenue. It was the eldest, Miss Seraphina—she was of a literary turn and wore spectacles—who was my companion, and who chatted to me, with a grave but somewhat pedantic grace, about poetry, music, and what not, the others rambling off and leaving us to maintain our æsthetic conversation undisturbed. As Miss S. had expressed a wish to add Latin to the modern tongues with which she was acquainted, I had, of course, volunteered to give her lessons in that language, as far as my slender experience went, during my stay; and the twilight, already deepened into dusk, warned us to return, when, as we approached the end of the walk, where another leafy road went off at a right angle, we saw her sister chatting to a young friend, who, apparently in haste, merely nodded to my companion and disappeared amid the trees. Of a pretty figure and face, a sweet cheek, a thin jet eyebrow, a wavy tress of brown hair, and fluttering crimson ribbon which formed her sash, a single glimpse was all I obtained.

"It is Emily Ashton," said Miss S., carelessly, "a wild, giddy, wilful creature."

"She seems very pretty," I said—and then, as glancing round, finding my remark had elicited an expression of disdainful consideration on my companion's countenance—I added, indifferently, "at least at this distance."

"Um-m—passible," retorted the spectacles; "are the Latin declensions very difficult?"

Next day, about noon, we were in the garden pulling peaches on the south wall, when who should appear but the wilful little beauty just re-

ferred to. I found her extremely pretty, with a dimpled mouth, arched like Cupid's bow, a charming sparkle in the eyes, and, despite the allusion of Miss S. to the frivolous nature of her disposition, a forehead which indicated intellect. After a while we found ourselves altogether in the arbour, where a little summer feast had been prepared, but although seated beside the beautiful creature, I naturally became as gay and agreeable as possible, she treated me, I regret to say, with an air of coldness approaching indifference, although I felt myself head over ears in love with her long before the arbour feast had terminated. The girls asked her to stay dinner this day, and I recollect she was about to accord with their wishes until I joined my entreaties; upon which she suddenly recollected a special engagement for the evening, (forgotten till then,) and lightly tripped away. It may have been the peaches and biscuit I had partaken of some hours before, but when we assembled at dinner, I found my usual good appetite nowhere, and was from time to time conscious of a degree of pre-occupation, stupidity, and precipitation which, while surprising myself, created not a little gaiety among my fair associates. Mr. B.'s suggestion that "I should brim a second beaker," too, and his quotations from Anacreon, passed without recognition on my part—for ah, how much sweeter is love than wine! At length the unaccountable tendency to silence and reverie, which I observed in myself, was broken by Miss S., who, with a look of calm inquisitiveness bordering, as I thought, on contempt, asked me to give her the Latin lesson promised. It was, however, only after she had sat in the window with me for half-an-hour, listening to my confused exposition of the rudiments, that, looking at me laughing, she closed the grammar, with a remark in a low tone to the effect that it was fortunate for me I had not formed the acquaintance of a certain person before my last examination, that I began to comprehend my position.

For a week we met daily, sometimes of a morning she came, stepping stately into the drawing-room, where the girls were practising. Almost always, when accompanying them on their evening walk, by some fortuitous coincidence, she was certain to meet them. On such occasions, however, her conversation was almost exclusively addressed to them, and, within the limits of graceful politeness, her coldness and indifference were as great as could be—a course of conduct which left me, as may be conceived, in a very hopeless state. Tender glances, compliments, the unmistakable agitation of my manner—all those symptoms of profound passion she had inspired, seemed to meet with as little recognition from her as the trees in whose summer shadow we walked. In a word, I was as nearly reduced to a state approximating to despair as was compatible with high health, youth, and a lively turn of intellect.

One morning on the second week of our acquaintance (after making but an indifferent breakfast, for the night previous I had been a good deal awake, agitated by the increasing fever) I had taken a book into the garden, partly for the purpose of diverting my mind, and partly with the design of convincing my friends that my condition (which had for some time been observed by all), was incapable of interfering with my course of study, when,

to my surprise, I found Emily alone in the arbour. Some of the children were playing about the walks, but not one of the girls visible. At first, as I approached, she seemed determined to remain ignorant of my presence; she leant over a volume of poetry, which I presently found she was reading upside down, and the sunlight trickled airily through the winking ivy leaves on her symmetrical blue-veined temples, and long, dark eyelashes. Upon my addressing her she raised her head, as she did so I perceived a slight tinge of colour on her beautiful cheek, and fancied that her look was more tender and less carelessly bright than usual—a phenomenon which caused my heart, after one violent contractile throb, to send the flattered blood joyously and impetuously through my veins. As we paced up and down, contrary to my expectations, however, I did not find the slightest alteration in her manner, and the collapse which ensued, led to a demonstrative crisis. After a little, seeing a volume in my hand, she inquired, in her clear, pearly voice, what I was studying.

"Oh," said I, resolved to pursue a politic course of conduct, "it is an old novel—a production of the last century—in which, dull as it is, I nevertheless find a great deal of truth."

"Its title?" she inquired.

"Its title," said I, with emphasis, and glancing with mournful fixity at her—"its title is 'Heartless Beauty.' There are a whole lot of characters in it. The heroine who is the principal, the writer, I must say, has painted in the most exquisite colours, only, however, to make the contrast between her natural charms and senseless coquetry the more hideously striking and contemptible."

"You must lend it me," she said, carelessly.

"With pleasure," I replied, "but on condition that you give me your opinion of it any evening, say the ensuing, at eight o'clock precisely, at which time I will be found anxiously awaiting your criticism, under the sycamore at the Cross-roads."

She broke into laughter as I was thus accurately defining the place and time for our critical appointment, and snatching the volume, hurried away to meet her friends, who at that moment entered the garden—all whose faces expressed the most profound astonishment to find us its occupants.

My little enchantress was true to my appointment. It was a fine summer evening after rain, a hundred scents arose from the refreshed foliage of the trees and fresh-breathing meadows, while the twilight star, sparkling through the clear azure of the western sky, shed its kindly Venus light upon us as we paced to and fro arm-in-arm in happy silence, broken only by indefinable nothings. An hour passed, brief as a minute. Meanwhile a warm wind had arisen, hurrying past, and careering round us in joyous fantasies, scattering as it fled the rosy blossoms of the trees in showers upon us as we walked. It was to this kindly wind that (under heaven) I was indebted for my first *gage d'amour*, the hair-ring alluded to. For, as we approached the end of the walk we encountered one whirling gust, which, while covering us with a torrent of blossoms was so insolent as to loosen the beautiful tresses of my companion, a circumstance which

evoked the opportunity of my entreating her to give me one of those shining locks as a memento to be worn in perpetuo near my heart. (I afterwards found it more convenient to have the article formed into a ring.) Then it was that, after pausing a moment, she withdrew a little scissors from her tiny apron pocket, and daintily severing, presented me with the shining treasure, after which, looking up with a glowing face,

"Well," said she, "am I as heartless as you conceived me to be this morning?"

The impassioned rhapsody to which I forthwith gave utterance it would be impossible to recall. I am inclined to think now it was rather an incongruous specimen of eloquence, though it had the effect of such. Pretty Emily listened, and when I ceased I thought—though, perhaps, it was my own—that I heard her gentle heart beating. At length, leaning fondly on my arm, and glancing upwards with charming triumphant confidence—"And will you love me always?" she inquired.

"For ever, and ever, and ever, and ever," was all I could reply. I held her hand: it was very dusk then, and next instant, raising her face to mine, she gave me the lightest and prettiest of kisses.

From this evening forward, during the remainder of my stay in the country, I enjoyed the most perfect happiness, intervalled by those occasional hours of anxiety and transient despair which characterise the absorbing love of youth, subjected to the natural *tracasseries* of affectionate coquetry. Never was there such sunshine—never such a summer. It was not sufficient also to enjoy her sweet society the greater part of the day; even at night I found myself compelled to pace under her window, sighing over her image to the stars, catching cold, of course, and remaining out of doors to an extravagant hour. One of the girls, I remember, compassionating my state, was accustomed to sit up to let me in on such occasions, long after the community were over their first sleep; but they all sympathized with me, and when I became invalided with a severe attack of influenza, and had to bathe my feet, I shall never forget the affectionate larkishness with which, entering my chamber in a body, they with laughing pity administered my gruel.

While the reign of this little queen lasted, its influence was tremendous; but, though my mental state was one of complete felicity, the physique suffered from the strain on the nerves, the loss of appetite and sleep, and the predominance of the feelings over the intellect, which characterize the tyrannic rule of the divine passion. Her influence absorbed and controlled my entire being; the jealous watchfulness of her dominion over my affections never slept a moment, for it was her first affair as well as mine; in short, her system of government was a complete despotism; but, then, ah then, it was a despotism tempered with kisses.

At length, the term of my vacation ended; the happy month had passed in a golden mist, a dream from which I was at length awakened. I can recall our last interview. It was a midsummer night, clear, warm, and bright; and as we sat in the dusk whispering arbour, I remember, fronting us, Orion's jewelled arm sparkled over the ivied ledge of the high

orchard wall. Ah, how often afterwards (for two years) I watched that constellation, of summer nights, from my study window, thinking over this delightful time, and associating my beloved one with the bright, gentle heaven itself—how often, too, of winter nights, when the orbs shone remote, chilly and dim, in the icy sky—with absence, coldness, and forgotten love—for I may add that some three years afterwards, (long before which study and the discipline of life had restored me to myself,) I read one morning of pretty Emma's marriage in the paper. Well, she was but fifteen when this little *passage d'amour* occurred between us; I was her first *attaché*, and like most girls of her age, she was more in love with love than her lover. The little hair ring, however, I still preserve in a cabinet with bundles of letters, rolls of contemporary poetry, and such like bagatelles. It is pleasant to look over them on some quiet Sunday or calm festival night, and with their aid, pay a momentary visit to the sunny islands in the morning seas of life, recalling the feelings and delights, its hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, ever arising from such a reverie. Turning over such memorials, one is, after all, disposed to optimism, which, though absurd, is still better than the most philosophic misanthropic credo.

SECOND RING.

Years passed, my college career ended, and weary with study, I sought new ideas and emotions in travel. I had lived so long in classical antiquity, that instead of looking up Italy and Greece, I preferred, in the first instance, to have a ramble through Spain. Arrived at Madrid, I remained in that city some three months, getting the language into my head with the assistance of Don Quixote and an old monk, Padre Juarez, a learned quietest, well acquainted with Calderon and Lope, and as familiar with grammar as with garlic and cigarettes. At the end of this period finding that in addition to my eyesight, I possessed this still more important desideratum for seeing a foreign country, I started south, visited the chief cities, lived a while in Valencia, sketched the Alhambra, and after several months found myself one evening on my way back, spurring my jaded mule through one of the passes of the Haute Pyrenees.

It was a fine summer sunset, the mountain air was invigorating after the heat of the plain I had crossed during the day; every turn of the road opened a new picture; fresh waters gushed from the cliffs, above, the cork woods murmured in the draughts of upper air; miles had passed without my meeting a human figure, and at length, as I whiled the solitude, now singing a *ledrilla* of Leon's, and now listening to the echoes reverberating the poet's love for Juanna through the gray gorges, I came suddenly on a mountain village, a forlorn, wind-blown clustre of a few cottages, whose straggling street had boasted a rude but not uncomfortable *venta*, where I purposed putting up for the night. While the greasy landlord took charge of my mule, his fat senora prepared my frugal repast in the smoky raftered kitchen, and having despatched the eggs and ham, hallowed by more than one invocation to the local patronne, and not the worse for the celestial grace which entered into the culinary preparation; and,

furthermore, indulged in a good draught of the thin wine of the place, it occurred to me, as there was still a couple of hours daylight, to have a stroll about the wild neighbourhood before stretching myself with my pipe before the fire—to pick up traits of Spanish character and legends from the *habitudes* of the inn chimney corner.

It was a delicious evening, clear aired, and bright, and after rambling awhile along the mountain road I struck off into a thick wood, which spread for a mile or two through an adjacent valley. It pleased my fancy to loose myself in this unknown solitude, amid the green alleys in whose distant vistas the flitting lights moved over branch and leaf like radiant genii, now, as it were, timidly advancing to catch a glimpse—now vanishing before the approach of an unaccustomed presence. The sun was already dipping under the horizon of the remote brown plain, when arrived at the shore of the wood, I threw myself on the dry grass beside an old well, which occupied a nook between two rocks, shadowed by a rude cross and the broad branches of a sycamore. I had rested some time in a sort of fatigued reverie, now imagining the possibility of a brigand adventure, now lazily calling up an image of the Egeria of the place, when the sound of a footstep struck upon my ears, and the same instant a soft voice, wild and gay, exclaimed, “A good evening, *senor*, whence have you come? In this unfrequented spot one might fancy you had dropped from the sky.”

It was a beautiful Spanish girl who spoke; her figure seemed instinct with the wild graces of the mountains; her large eyes, dark as death and bright as love, beamed with a charming sparkle, beneath her glossy *chignons* of ebon hair which rolled on either side of her animated oval face, dusk as the summer twilight of the South. Her dress was that of the Spanish mountain maiden—an embroidered boddice and short quilted petticoat, semi-covered by the graceful drapery of the national mantilla, while from her head drooped the graceful *pueblo*.

“And one might fancy, beautiful *doncella*,” I replied, “that you, too, had come from the sky—that region of it at least where we imagine the heavens to be.” To this rather far fetched compliment she courtesied with simple grace, blushed, and was silent for a minute, after which she said, “In this wild place, *senor*, we seldom see travellers, and never, save in summer; it is the sun that brings them to us, you know the proverb—“Junio, Julio, Agosto y Carthegina los mayores paertos en Espanas.”

“Were every Spanish maiden as charming as you,” I replied, “December and January would bring lovers to Spain as numerous as June and July.”

“In what land did you learn to flatter?” she asked. “Come, help me to fill my earthen pitcher from the well here, for I feel a little tired.”

I did so, and we stood leaning over the low wall which surrounded it for some moments, looking at our shadows in the dusk mirror beneath. The silence of the evening accorded with our own, and for a time neither of us seemed disposed to break it. Presently, however, we began to chat, and in a few words she told me her simple history. Which was this.

Her name, she told me, was Estrella, and that she was the daughter of a mountaineer, whose people had occupied a small vineyard-farm in the

neighbourhood for several centuries, and that on her next birth-day, when she should be nineteen, she was to be married to a young peasant of the district, well to do, who possessed a much larger farm in an adjacent valley. She described her life from childhood upwards, her occupations, joys, and sorrows to me, with charming southern openness and simplicity, as though we had been friends for a twelvemonth, not the casual acquaintances of an half hour. Our conversation would doubtless have lasted much longer but that the night, which had already fallen suddenly, warned us to terminate an interview all the more agreeable to me as it was unexpected. After assisting her to place her water vase on her head of glossy blue-black hair, and accompanying her to a turn of the mountain road where our paths separated, frankly giving me her hand, she bade me adieu.

"Dream of me for one night, *senor*," she said, gaily, "and I shall pray my patronne to guard you safely along your journey beyond our mountains—adios!"

For some moments I watched her graceful figure, as it moved dimly up the steep path towards her cottage beneath the trees, the evening star shining before her in a leafy vista of dark blue air; and then rapidly made my way to the village *venta* for supper and sleep, intending to start early the next morning on my homeward route.

Arrived, I passed a couple of hours chatting with the villagers who had dropped in for a gossip by the kitchen fire, ordered some wine for them, and engaged myself agreeably listening to the personal narratives and the local stories and legends which formed the staple of the conversation. Meanwhile the interview of the late evening had gone as I thought completely out of my head, and after giving my jolly host directions to have my breakfast and mule in readiness by seven in the morning, I climbed to my rude *alcoba*, anticipating a sound night's rest after the fatigues of the day. Strange to say, however, sleep came not; for hours I lay awake, now listening to the sombre night-wind as it passed in vague dirges across the bare mountain side, or murmured in the dark-wooded valley below; now watching a star of great brilliancy, through the chamber pane, slowly circling toward a ridge of dark rock which serrated the sky. While resting in this sort of waking swoon, I vividly recalled my interview with the pretty *Estrella*. At intervals her face passed before me, and her voice sounded in my ears, and once I awakened from a brief dream, in which I fancied myself at a tournament in an old Spanish court-yard, in whose balcony she sat like a princess, watching the combat. I thought I unhorsed my antagonist, whose spear had pierced my armour, and as I rode out of the lists to the balcony, and *Estrella* saw my blood flow, she shrieked—and her shriek awoke me. Thinking over the impressions which, to my surprise, I found this beautiful wild mountain maid had left on my mind, and intending to make a chapter on the subject in my book of Spanish travel, I finally sunk into a sound sleep.

So wakeful had I been, however, that when the landlord called me in the morning, I preferred enjoying a few more hours' rest, and when at length I arose, I felt an unaccountable indisposition to pursue my journey that day. The neighbouring scenery was charming, and after meditating

between two minds for a time, I determined to go out on a sketching excursion.

As I rambled through the solitary passes, along the leafy roads, and through the yellowing woods, stopping ever and anon to etch such bits of scenery as struck me, I found myself the while in a pleasing state of reverie, difficult to describe. It was delightful to abandon myself to my fancies in a region so wild and beautiful; occasionally my mind reverted to Estrella, and I once or twice asked myself whether I had really fallen in love with her. After such an examination, however, I was disposed to refer my sensations to the impressions which my soul imbibed from the strange charm of the scenery, and the season during this pictorial excursion. Never had I experienced such tranquil joy as during this lonely, lovely Spanish day. There was, indeed, a beauty in its unfrequented hours, a tender grace in the movement of its airs and of its distant lights, which I had seen in no other.

About noon, as I was passing through a ravine, I encountered and fell into chat with a young mountaineer, who accompanied me for some time, and who when I paused to sketch a landscape vista, stretched himself under a tree beside me, watching the progress of my work. He was a joyous, free-spoken peasant, and we were soon on such intimate terms that he gave me a detail of his position and prospects in life, among which, that on which he dwelt with greatest gaiety, was his intended marriage with a girl, resident in his neighbourhood.

"Ah, *senor*," he said "how I could wish that you stayed long enough in our mountains to see her and sketch her portrait, she is the prettiest girl for three leagues round; I live yonder"—pointing to a comfortable farm on the wood skirt—"say you will visit me to-morrow, I will bring her to meet you, *senor*; you will be charmed."

"What is the name of your enchantress?" I asked, pencilling the shadow of a cork tree.

"Estrella," he said, and he went on to describe her.

"An appropriate name, I am sure," said I, having by this time finished my sketch. "Long may you live under the happy influence of your Star."

"Thanks, *senor*," he replied, laughing, and after looking at the sun, then declining in the afternoon, sprung up, and went off to his cottage, parting with me in high good fellowship. I lingered about the rocks all day, and as the sun was going down, found, to my surprise, that, after passing through a wood, I was approaching from another direction the place I had rested the previous evening. Nor was my surprise lessened to find Estrella approaching the well through a dark avenue in the trees. A cordial greeting passed between us at this unexpected rencontre. This, our second interview, lasted but a few moments, during which, however, I took the opportunity of telling her of my having encountered her affianced some hours before. When I alluded to the love she had inspired, and the happiness he anticipated on the marriage, Estrella, who leant on the well wall by me, turning quickly, said laughing—"And you, *senor*, were you ever in love?"

"Think you I have lived thus long without being so?" I answered.

"How happy one must be," she returned, twining a couple of flowers

she held into a little bouquet, with an air of serious coquetry, "it must be like a dream!"

"I trust it is a dream will last your life long," I answered. At this she stretched me her hand timidly, her face gleamed with amiability, and a blush suffused her cheek as I raised her hand to my lip, and bade her farewell—my heart, I scarce knew why, beating regretfully as I made my way back to the village.

Next day I bade adieu to my host, at an early hour, and set forth northward on my way through the mountains. I had advanced some couple of miles from the village when an indefinable feeling of mingled sadness and pleasure, which my short stay in these wild regions had inspired, caused me to pause for a few moments, and cast a last glance at the valley I had just left, ere a turn of the road closed it from the view. As I did so I saw a figure hastily issuing from a narrow pass on one side of the way, which I recognised as that of Estrella, and turning my mule was quickly beside her.

"I saw you passing the gorge," she said, "and ran to say farewell once more. Do not pause an instant," she continued, looking round, "but accept from me this little ring," and she laughingly handed me a pretty ornament formed of her hair; "it may remind you of your visit to our neighbourhood."

I thought a slight moisture bedewed her eyes as she gave me this little token, and was on the point of declaring the fervent feelings which, half hidden from myself, she had inspired; but as I thanked her, she laughed, and the next instant, snatching away the hand I held and waving an adieu, had disappeared. This was my Second Hair Ring.

I fell into a reverie, not the less pleasing from being a little melancholy, as I rode onward through the scenery of the northern declivities of the Pyrenees, now passing across some desolate valley, now along a narrow ledge of road with precipices on one side and shadowed with cork woods above, now by the porch of some feudal baronial hall, or black monastery with its long aisles, white cross, and water font; now through some pass between the lofty steeps, where the inconstant light floating with the air, glimmered far below on some hamlet huddled on the heaths; now by some sad-looking church with deep stairways winding through its walls, from which the hymn chanted by the pastor's flock came undulating on the wide silence. When evening came a wind rose with the splendid sunset, scattering at each gusty turn the leaves of the chestnut woods, yellow with autumn, whose western glory shone on old abbeys, whose belfries rose like solitary trees of granite above the woods, whose windows now reflected the blood-red evening cloud, and now spouted up through the gloom in diapered veins of fire. At length I passed, as twilight thickened, by a ruined cathedral, with its Gothic arches and porticoes, amid which I could see the figures of old saints in strong stone, praying—a space of ruins and stars—and presently came to the frontier town, where the people were already asleep in the shadow which the great mountains, backed by the southern moon, cast upon the plain.

CELTIC CHARACTERISTICS.

If few sciences are more fruitful and interesting than ethnology, few tempt more to extravagant paradox. And even the great Niebuhr, to whom ethnology is so much indebted, leads us astray perhaps as frequently as he conducts us to solid and satisfactory results. On the very threshold we encounter an obstacle never to be vanquished; that, as all early history melts into myth, and myth into a darker unknown behind, we cannot even conjecture how race has blended with a banished race for thousands of years ere the faintest gleam of historical light trembles forth from the obscurity. Even after history holds supreme sway, it has to contend with myth, for the simple reason that men, spite of inexorable criticism, will always prefer the mythical to the historical. The most popular historians are those who throw into their narrative the largest leaven of romance. Men love the truth, but they love excitement, from whatever quarter it may come, better—and the romantic stimulates them. It has been said that truth is stranger than fiction, but the mass of men do not deem it so, otherwise they would not take so much trouble to invent improbabilities. Ethnology has to suffer, moreover, from national prejudice and vanity. The Romans, so far as we are aware, have been the only people with the courage to confess a disreputable origin. In general, the habit is to go back to heroes, to demigods, to gods. The pride of birth in individuals is but a form of the pride of ancestry in nations. Hitherto, also, ethnology has trusted too much to etymology—an admirable aid and adjunct, but a deceitful guide. Often a conclusion emphatically and uncompromisingly made, has rested on etymology alone, in which case it was almost sure to be false. Of the primordial races, wherefrom have sprung the nations of modern Europe, the Celts have had the hardest treatment in the theories of the ethnologist.

Of no recent date is ethnology; even before Herodotus, a rude kind of ethnology had begun. The moment geography took somewhat of organic and living shape, ethnography necessarily arose. Julius Cæsar has many glories, and one of them is that of being, perhaps, the best ethnographer the ancients can boast of. But ethnology as a science, marching valiantly by the side of other sciences, is exceedingly recent; and it has still its hesitating steps as well as its aberrations. It owes most to the profound and comprehensive learning of the Germans. Grateful, however, as we are to the Germans for their boldness, their breadth, their thoroughness, their fecund insight in every department of inquiry, and for their services as ethnologists, we cannot quite forgive their tendency to overrate the Germanic race—which, of course, includes the tendency to underrate other races. The Germans have not yet been quite fair toward the Celts. Perhaps they cannot forget that the country which has more than once shamed and crushed Germany has mainly a Celtic population, though a Germanic name. The blood in the veins of the French is Gallic far more than Frankish blood.

Synonyms of "Celt", though sometimes with more limited signification, were to the Greeks and Romans the words "Galatian" and "Gaul." Sometimes the name has been fancifully traced to Galates, a son of Hercules. But more sober etymologists have derived it from a Celtic word signifying "battle", and also in the plural "armour", so that the Celt was a valiant man armed for combat. Many ethnologists reject with disdain the notion of indigenous races in Europe. But do not the discoveries in the Swiss lakes, do not many geological discoveries, confirm the notion? That one wave of migration followed another from Asia is demonstrable. It is not, however, equally demonstrable that before those waves began to roll Europe was one vast unpeopled solitude. More probable is it that savage tribes, long the possessors of Europe, were annihilated by hosts of barbarians from the East. The Celts do not seem to have been among the earliest of those hosts. But here the evidence is negative rather than positive. That the Celts are not mentioned by Homer or Hesiod would prove nothing. The Celts sought a home in Western Europe, and with Western Europe Homer and Hesiod were unacquainted. When the colonies and commerce of the Greeks extended in a westerly direction, and when, as a centre of commerce, the city of Massilia was built, the Greeks entered into relations with the Celts, and with rather dim ideas of geography and ethnography, called the whole of Western Europe the "Celtic Land". Not, however, until the time of Julius Cæsar was it known who the Celts really were, and how they were distinguished from the nations around them. The Celts have never been equalled for impetuous daring. They were the bravest of men, but not the most courageous. Hence, after scattering the foe as the hurricane scatters, they were themselves scattered like the chaff. Vanquishers of the Germans and the Romans, they were by the Germans and the Romans vanquished. With brilliant and noble gifts, they were turbulent, anarchic, fickle, fantastic. Their saddest humiliation, their most irreparable misfortune, was the loss of their language. The Celts have thus not been permitted, like the Germans and Slavonians, to tell their own tale. We know of them only from their enemies. The fragments of their language and literature which survive in Ireland, in Wales, in Scotland, and in the West of France, draw not aside the veil from the ancient Celtic life.

Of the habits and institutions of the Celts, we know little more than the rapid and superficial gaze of the adversary could seize. Whether all the Celts adhered to the Druidical worship is uncertain. In any case, Druidism had prodigious power over the majority of the Celts—over those of them best known to us. Now, as Druidism was as profound as it was original, as mystical as it was poetical, and as it was in many respects purer and loftier than Greek and Roman polytheism, it is scarcely credible that the Celts, if so frivolous as they have been represented, could have been the authors of a religion so solemn and metaphysical as Druidism. Based on contemplation, surrounded by the awful, Druidism held commune with the stars, and beyond the stars sought immortality; and yet, by an unexampled contrast, the Celts never reflected! If we study the Celts, such as we

find them at this hour in Ireland, in Wales, in Brittany, in the West of Scotland, we must spurn as a calumny the assertion so often, and in so many ways repeated, that from of old levity was a leading feature in their character. Passionate, imaginative, impulsive, prone to excess, they were in the very essence of their nature melancholy. The poetry of the Irish, of the Welsh, of the Bretons, of the Highlanders, is mournful. Do not the Ossianic utterances—whether we view them as genuine or not—typify the undying sorrow of the Celtic heart? Call not the Celt light, and vain, and shallow, perpetually joyous, and perpetually hunting after joys. Rather see in him one who pants for excitement, who is whirled from extreme to extreme, but to whom the abyss of anguish, into which he so often sinks, unfolds divine truths hidden from the sage. The Celt is an idealist; he was an idealist both in his good and in his evil, far back in the dim centuries. And how unhappy, in whatever age he may live, must the idealist be? Perhaps the Celt was not well adapted to be either civilized or a civilizer. Yet, indirectly, he has been the chief civilizer of European communities. His restless temper made him the agitator of antiquity, his restless temper makes him an agitator still. Without movement there could be no culture, and men would plunge into gross materialism. But for France the world would go to sleep, though the crimes of France be myriad and monstrous; and but for the Celtic elements within her, England would be a lone and lifeless drudge. The Celts by themselves cannot build up a nation. They existed as clans; they entered, for the purposes of aggression alone, into a temporary league. But before a war, however short, was over, the spirit of clanship revived. This was a fatal weakness, and bitterly had the Celts to lament it when defeated by troops inferior to themselves in everything except organization. It is singular that unity should be so eminently a French idea, and a French fact, seeing that the Celts were so notable for disunity; yet unity came to the French from abroad. It would be curious to follow the gradual growth of its empire till the ancient Celtic disunity vanished completely before it. The Celts had a strong dislike to fat folks—to the protuberant paunch. Their descendants inherit this dislike, and are seldom themselves corpulent. The Frenchman, when he caricatures the Englishman, depicts him as odiously obese. When the Englishman caricatures the Frenchman he sharpens him into a prodigy of leanness and angularity.

The Celts resembled the North American Indians in many points. They had the same apathy at certain moments, the same indifference to death, and the same ferocity when their veins were fevered by the fight. For a sum of money or a measure of wine they sold, in mere wantonness, their life. The money or the wine they distributed to their friends and relations; then, before the eyes of the multitude, lay down on their shield, and there, with unwavering glance, awaited the stroke which was to sever their head from their body. At times their lethargy was so invincible that they would not leave their house to escape from the flames that were consuming it, or from the waves that were drowning it. The head of a fallen foe the Celt cut off, fixed it on his lance, or fastened it as an ornament to his saddle,

or to the mane of his horse. When he reached home he placed the horrible trophy on the door of his house. If more than a common foe was slain the head was embalmed, was anointed with cedar oil, and proudly shown to friends. The dreadful doom which befel the prisoners of the Celts is well known. Hard was the lot, as slaves, of those who were not surrendered to the Druid's cruel knife. The indolence of the Celts did not prevent them from being, in many things, industrious and ingenious. Good miners, the Celts were also good workers in iron. The Noric sword was a distinguished weapon. Glass ornaments, prepared by the Celts, were remarkable for beauty of form and of colour. The Druids are by some supposed to have been acquainted with the telescope. With short and pointed swords, the Romans must have killed the enemy chiefly by a vigorous thrust; with large, pointless swords the Celts dealt tremendous cleaving blows. Herein they are best represented by the Scottish Highlanders—that is, as long as Scottish Highlanders fought in their own fashion, and ere they were brutally expelled from their glens and mountains to make room for sheep and deer.

Of the expeditions of the Celts, the most eventful was that of which Brennus was the leader. Regarding this expedition it is manifest that the Roman historians have not told us the whole truth, that they have concealed Rome's depth of humiliation, and written the record of wholly imaginary triumphs over the Gauls. But the expedition showed the incapacity of the Celts for persistent combination. And how insane was their improvidence ere beginning the siege of the Capitol. In order to starve their enemies out, they destroyed their own supplies! The Celts were freebooters; they had never any political objects; they were worthless as allies, and only as mercenary soldiers were they useful. This Hannibal saw through with that political sagacity which was as infallible as his military genius was unsurpassed. But Hannibal, thwarted by the jealousy of the Carthaginian magnates, and by the mistaken parsimony of the Carthaginian people, could hire the valour of the Celts only to an imperfect extent. The turning point of Roman destiny was not the overthrow of Carthage, but the subjection of the Celts in Cisalpine Gaul, in Greece, and in Asia Minor. Though Cisalpine Gaul was not Romanised, yet there, and wherever the Celts had once set their foot, Celtic vitality asserted its right to remain. The more in name the Celts perished, the more they in reality retained their hold of the soil. We must renounce the notion of pure races. The Old World has not been enough for the Celt; he is busy in the New; busy in subduing forests, and foremost and bravest on the battle-field. How dull the plodding, boastful Anglo-Saxon seems to him! The Celt sows, the Anglo-Saxon reaps, and slanders the bold chivalrous soul, without whom he would have been the most insignificant of mortals. But the Celt is always unjust to himself, and, therefore, perhaps he ought not to complain of injustice. He squanders magnificent faculties, neglects magnificent opportunities, is always committing those blunders which have been spoken of as worse than crimes. Many an age must yet elapse before the merits of the Celt are completely appreciated.

LOUISE—A STORY OF A REVOLUTION.

"CONFOUND the Committee of Public Safety, confound the Convention, confound the sovereign people, confound St. Just, Couthon, Robespierre, the Jacobins, and even Hebert, that ill-looking suitor of yours, Louise, though he be a good citizen itself! Confound the Revolution—but no—I go too far, do not confound the Revolution!"

It was citizen Dessault, the richest merchant in Paris, a member of the Convention, a representative of the Committee of Public Safety, a foremost actor in the Revolution, that uttered those anti-revolutionary sentiments in the year two of the Republic. Citizen Dessault addressed his observations to his daughter Louise, as they stood together in his drawing-room. The citizen had returned from his duties to his country, as listening to the incitements of murder, uttered in the Convention, by M. Robespierre, once *avocat au Parliement*, was called, with the other tasks of aiding to add more victims to the lists of *nominales*, and presiding at the farce of an occasional trial. He was, after those performances, engaged putting on his slippers on his return home at night, when he delivered himself of this tirade. Woe to Citizen Dessault, had any one overheard him, except his daughter Louise!

"What troubles you to-day, my father?" was her question to him.

Had Citizen Dessault looked at his daughter sharply, or listened critically to the words, even of that simple question, he would have noticed that Louise, his only child, was strangely perturbed. But Citizen Dessault never looked at his daughter only to admire her beauty, nor listened to her voice only to think how musical was its very accent. Citizen Dessault was right. In France there was not a more beautiful creature than she who stood before him. A complexion which is rarely seen in France. The skin fair, clear, lustrous, and transparent, somewhat pale perhaps, except at times, when a blush, faint as the hues of the opening rose, suffused it from exercise or strong feeling. Eyebrows pencilled with the most delicate tracery. Eyes blue, large, and soft, swimming in a liquid light; features of the haughty Roman type, but softened down to an exquisite grace of loveliness in that mobile face, which told of tenderness and power mingled, which conveyed the blending of the presence of the majesty of will, and the trust of woman in their delineation. Then, around the brow, moulded like the embodiment of a sculptor's dream of the "dome of thought, the palace of the soul," fell clustering ringlets of golden hair, lending to the face more of mellowness, to the skin more of light. Surely Louise Dessault was beautiful as she looked, there and then standing slightly over the middle height, with a figure conveying the idea of grace, rather than fullness, of symmetry rather than womanhood.

"What troubles you to-day, father?" again she asked.

"Troubles me, child? Folly troubles me, more executions trouble me, more *proscrits*, more *emigres*, more blood—more blood troubles me! It is still kill, kill in the Convention, it is still guilty always at the Revolutionary tribunal, and the work is done in the Place de Greve. Surely, not-

withstanding the fine reasons of Citizen Robespierre, who, if he errs, errs only in the cause of his country, there is no necessity for all this slaughter of Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen too, and, Providence! aye, even French girls and French boys. Nobility may be a bad gift to have, but it is not necessary that it should altogether corrupt one's heart, and leave one the enemy of one's country and one's people. Now, I would not mind executing that man, Louis Capet, though it was a hard measure, "a v-e-r-y hard measure," said he, slowly, "but he neglected his duty they say. Though I don't know, from how I see duty followed now, but that he did right. But his wife, Marie Antoinette. Out upon it! What ill did she, that is, what did they prove against her? If it stopped there itself, I shouldn't heed if France were at rest, even at the cost of their blood. But to-day, Faugh, I sicken at it all!"

Citizen Dessault shrugged his shoulders as only a Frenchman can after this speech. He had become a revolutionist from the fine words of its abettors, and a belief in their honesty, but he had to do violence to himself to keep up with their acts. He was a man of natural benevolence, and the old *regime* had warped its current to flow only to refresh the people. For the sake of obtaining that era of universal concord, shadowed out in the disquisitions of Robespierre and his *confreres* at the press, he had forced himself into making apologies for their cruelties and injustice when they became the tyrants of France, but never was there a more difficult task. Citizen Dessault had mistaken his part, and he shut his eyes to go over a precipice of wrong rather than confess his mistake. With all his error, such a man was out of his place in the Convention, or on the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Robespierre was so convinced of his infidelity to the course which he pursued, that he only awaited an opportunity to send him to the guillotine. But Citizen Dessault was the idol of the workmen and the mob, for his thousand kindnesses to them, and citizen Robespierre had to content himself to wait.

"What has happened to-day?" asked Louise, in continuation of the conversation which we have interrupted by a digression to give the history of Citizen Dessault.

"Happened—happened? why the Duchesse de St. Helier and Mademoiselle de Clerc—bah! I mean Citoyenne Felicie Montmorenci and Citoyenne Marie Clerc—all people are free and equal now, but the habit of fifty years of tyranny makes one forget that—were to-day condemned to death for nothing that——"

What the good citizen was going to say must remain in oblivion, for his thought was never spoken. A door that opened from a single closet, close behind where he sat was burst outward, and a young man stood before him.

"What did they dare—did the villains dare to condemn the Duchesse de St. Helier, and that child, that mere child Mademoiselle de Clerc, to decapitation for no crime on earth except their beauty or their rank?" The questioner never seemed to think or to care at the surprise he caused

Citizen Dessault. But a glance at Louise, who hung down her head and trembled, recalled him.

"Ah, Louise," he said, "I shall not insult your father, I do acquit him of willing participation in the murder that they call the reign of liberty, equality, and fraternity. But one of these victims was the wife, the other the sister of my dearest friends. Friends dear to my heart, next to yourself, and to hear that they are doomed to know that they are to fall under the knife wielded by those '*Bourreaux barbouilleurs des lois*,' as Andre Chenier has well termed them, is more than I can bear. Just God!" he exclaimed, turning his glance upward, "to what fate hast Thou reserved *ma belle France*? Stricken and unhappy country!"

"Victims—dare—*Bourreaux barbouilleurs des lois*—acquit me—Louise, dear. Why, whom have we here to pardon or accuse me?" Citizen Dessault assumed the part, and took the air of a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

"Marie Patrick Talbot—Comte Talbot, aide-de-camp to the king, whom your associates murdered, and to his last breath, the foe of your Republic. I have never denied my name, or never shall."

The Citizen Dessault contracted his brows into an ominous frown as the young nobleman deliberately replied. He looked at him and saw a slight young man, whose ardent countenance and gleaming eyes told more strength than could be measured in his slender frame.

"You are that Talbot, of foreign descent, though it may be French birth, we will not argue," he said, with a wave of his hand, "who slaughtered the people at Versailles, in the ante-chamber of the wife of Louis Capet."

"I am that Talbot who struck down the murderous crew who burst open the palace to riot in the blood of my queen. I am the descendant of that Talbot of foreign blood and birth, whose countrymen saved the honour of France on a field which would have been another Agincourt were they not there to lift their swords and lose their lives in its defence. I am Comte Talbot de Fontenoy by the prowess of my house and the favour of my Prince. I am a *proscrit* and a refugee, dependent for my life upon the daughter of Citizen Dessault, member of the Convention—one of the *Comite du Salut Public*, and an authority of the Revolutionary Tribunal!"

Citizen Dessault looked to his daughter for an explanation, and looked at Talbot with wonder. To his daughter he spoke first.

"Louise! you must account to me for this! For you, young man, do men rush into the lion's den, and expect escape from his teeth? My duty to the Republic demands that I shall deliver a traitor and a conspirator against its welfare to be dealt with as the laws command—and thus I do it!"

Citizen Dessault rose from his seat to cross the room. Comte Marie Patrick Talbot never moved a muscle; but Louise sprang from her immobility, and knelt, clasping her father's knees. Citizen Dessault was a Frenchman, and though a stern Republican, admired a tableau with

graceful effect in its grouping. This one struck him like a Roman scene.

"Father," cried Louise, "spare Comte Talbot. He is here under this roof at my desire. He is friendless, and an outcast where once he was happy and envied—he is banned, a price is set upon his head. Surely you do not war with the unfortunate and the noble. Oh, you will not be an accessory to another murder at the guillotine?"—

"Stay, Louise," broke in Talbot, "I never valued my life worth pleas of this kind. I do not value it at their price now. How I came here your father must know. A year since nearly I was taken in my own *chateau*, a prisoner, and brought under escort to Paris, to be placed in that ante-chamber to the grave—the Temple. It was night when we arrived in the city, and as we passed towards our destination, a riot took place near this house. It gave me an opportunity to escape, of which I availed myself at once. Striking down my guard, I sprang across him as he fell, and buried myself amid the mob. The *bleus*, who guarded me, at once made known their loss, and my name, rather familiar since the day at Versailles, ran like wildfire from lip to lip. It was enough; I knew my safety would be ensured by a bold stroke only, and I took it. Your door was open, and I passed in, walked into this room, found Louise here, and told her my story, my name, and my fate. Louise sheltered me! What would you have? She was not a tigress, but a woman. I have been in Paris since that day. Whenever the scent of the spies became too strong, I have come here, and in the house of Citizen Dessault I left no trail for the bloodhounds to catch me——"

"And yet," said a bland-faced, smiling man, who at this moment entered the chamber, walking noiselessly across the room, "the bloodhounds have caught you at last. Nay, stir not, Comte Talbot," he said, presenting a pistol, "or I fire, and that will be foolish, as I have a file of soldiers on the landing, whose duty it will be to come in and fire too."

Talbot stood still whilst the bland visitor continued, "Citoyenne Louise Dessault, the Citizen Talbot will be too courteous to cause disturbance in your drawing-room. Here is the order for his arrest. Citizen soldiers," he said, in a voice little louder than ordinary, but preternaturally clear, "enter and take your prisoner!"

"Prisoner be it," said Talbot, bitterly. "Oh, that it had been anywhere else, and only room for us. But to be caught like a caged rat—Citizen Dessault," he said, "I regret disturbing your house! Louise—My God!" he exclaimed, rushing to support her, "she faints."

It was true. Louise had allowed her emotions to overcome her, and would have fallen had not Talbot supported her in his arms. He bore her to a sofa and placed her upon it. He was bending over her with every expression of anxiety, when the voice of the police official roused him.

"Citizen Talbot, we wait for you if you please. Your escape before places us under the necessity of putting handcuffs upon your wrists now. They don't hurt, they are only inconvenient," said the bland man, kicking them. "Come."

Like a man in a dream Talbot allowed himself to be led away. There was a shuffling of feet along the staircase, a rattle of arms in the passage, and Citizen Dessault was alone with his daughter, whilst Citizen Marie Patrick Talbot, formerly called Comte Talbot de Fontenoy, was marched to the Temple.

II.

Ten days had passed over since the events occurred which we have recorded. In Paris, in the year Two of the Republic, ten days were big with fate. In their short space often many an idol of popular worship had become no better than a broken Dagon. A popular orator—we choose an orator as being the greatest man in those days—whose accents might have thrilled the nation with which words were so powerful, might have marched from the tribune to the prison, and from the prison be carried to the guillotine. When Robespierre reigned, incidents were never startling—startling incidents were so frequent. Ten days had only gone by, and the name of Marie Patrick Talbot was among the lists of the doomed. He had been tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was accused of murder, for that being on guard at the Palace of Versailles, he had led an attack upon the people and slew them. He was accused of having made an attempt to rescue the man Louis Capet from prison by means of a conspiracy. He was finally accused of having been in Paris with traitorous designs upon the Republic. The trial of Marie Patrick Talbot occupied but brief space. When he was interrogated on the charge of murder by firing on the people, with a burst of scornful laughter, he replied that such murder he never regretted. On the charge of attempting to rescue the man, Louis Capet, he answered that he only wished he had succeeded in saving his king. Questioned if he admitted holding traitorous designs on the Republic, he answered, that the guides of the Republic were greater traitors than he, for they were the executioners of France. Asked if he were prepared to take the consequences of such confessions, Marie Patrick Talbot replied, "Yes!" His sentence was not doubtful after such a clean breast of his faults, and he was remitted to the Temple, only to leave it to go to the Place de Greve. As yet the *fourgons* had gone with their daily load to the guillotine without the Comte Talbot; but it was known amongst the *habitués* of the place of execution that he was reserved, for his daring and his crimes, to make a special display of terror to wrong-doers, and of delight to the lovers of liberty, equality, and fraternity, whom the institution of the Place de Greve rejoiced. In two days more, it was rumoured, Comte Talbot was to gratify the Parisians by his appearance on the blood-stained stage of execution. They looked forward to the day as the Romans might have looked to the spectacle of the exposure of a Christian in the Coliseum. But there was one to whom the announcement brought a pain worse than death. Louise Dessault loved the gallant, reckless Comte. It was no wonder. By one of those strange, but not unusual incidents in the most ordinary lives, she had been familiar with him even before she saw him. Deprived of a mother's care in tender years, Louise

Dessault had been educated in a convent in Normandy. There, too, the only sister of the Comte Talbot de Fontenoy had been also sent to receive those accomplishments which are not better taught anywhere than under the successors of those good sisters who were the teachers of the *élite* of France before the Revolution. Therese Talbot idolized her brother, and Louise Dessault, her constant companion, daily listened to delineations of a character that might have adorned the days of chivalry. The vicissitudes of lives grow out of such simple facts. Two girls, young, ardent, filled with the romance of the morning of existence, making the virtues and gifts of a youth the theme of their conversation every favourable opportunity, form an episode which has been often repeated. The one speaking of him with sisterly pride and affection, could only cause the other to listen at first with curiosity, but eventually with sympathy, admiration, and hope. In her school-days, the image of Comte Talbot grew out of fancy's portraiture for Louise Dessault. When her school-days were past, in the loneliness of her home, Louise cherished the name and memory so familiar to her. The events of the Revolution gave to that name a reputation for headlong daring and haughty energy, which added to the romance it evoked in the heart of this young girl. Never, perhaps, was that romance so thrillingly increased as when the subject of its wildest sentiments stood before the maiden, whose dream had created it, to ask a refuge from the guillotine in words that made the claim as reckless as though it were a defiance he hurled at it. To the banned and proscribed noble the mere philanthropy of the young girl's soul would have bade her dare any risk in giving shelter, but to give that shelter to Marie Patrick Talbot was the realization of an opportunity of affording evidence of her fidelity to ancient friendship, and aiding a man who was her ideal of every chivalrous feeling and every splendid attribute of manhood. Talbot was saved then, and upon many an occasion afterward he sought the same covert, believing no one ever would dream of finding a royalist under the roof of a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal. In those periods of retreat Louise Dessault entrusted the secret of his presence to no one. The spies of Robespierre were in every house, and the girl knew that the lightest clue to the retreat of Talbot might lead to his discovery. Notwithstanding this care there was a lynx eye upon her in that of Hebert, her suitor. Jealousy first stimulated his *surveillance*, and from its discovery he proceeded to use it to his own advantage. Were the casual unknown who so secretly visited the mansion of Citizen Dessault out of the way, he, Hebert, might have some chance of obtaining the hand of the heiress and her money—of much more value in his eyes. It was easy for a member of the *Comite du Salut Public* to get an obnoxious person out of the way in those days. His name was only required, and he could go down in the best of *nominats*, and be duly executed without any noise. Citizen Hebert waited the name only of this mysterious visitor at the house of Dessault, and he could do the rest. For this purpose he set upon his track Arnaud Lescure, most skilful of all the Parisian police. The result we have delineated.

Just ten days after, as we have said, at nightfall, Citizen Hebert sat

in his easy chair ruminating on his good luck, and thinking on a speech he was to make on the morrow at the Convention, on the necessity of requiring that citizens who had lived a blameless life for sixty years should wear white, be free from taxes, and receive public homage, when a knock came to his door.

"Come in!" said Citizen Hebert.

A woman entered.

"Let the citoyenne take a chair," said Citizen Hebert.

Citizen Hebert was an ugly but a gallant man. His face might be described in the words which Mirabeau applied to that of Robespierre, that it reminded one of a cat that had drank vinegar. But Citizen Hebert did not believe in his own ugliness.

The citoyenne took a chair, seemed agitated, confused, trembled, finally raised her veil, and disclosed the features of Louise Dessault.

"Citizen Hebert," she began, "I have come to you, whose sentiments are so patriotic and unselfish, to ask you to save a life—the life of a young and gallant heart. Think what life is, how precious and dear. Save one worthy of your exertions."

"The life which is worthy of such a plea from such a mouth must be precious, surely. But, pardon me whose devotions for the citoyenne is only equalled by his devotion to his country, whose is the life that Citizen Hebert can save?"

"It is the Comte Marie Patrick Talbot for whom I ask this favour. He has not acted in accord with the Republic. But did he comprehend it he would be the truest and the noblest son of our country in his devotion and heroism."

"You ask life for the most open and daring enemy of the Republic, for a man who has drenched his sword in the blood of its first-born children—for a man who has been plotting and intriguing against its existence, and who avowed and gloried in his misdeeds. Citoyenne, I will not lift my finger to save such a man. You, the daughter of Citizen Dessault, must ask this boon in ignorance."

"No, no!" replied Louise, "I ask it thoroughly cognisant of the worth of him for whom I ask it. You can save him—I know you can. You have professed a deep regard for my father and myself. Will you give me an evidence of it now? Preserve from the guillotine the neck of Talbot, and claim any return from me consistent with your honour."

"Citoyenne," said the member of the *Comite du Salut Public*, assuming the appearance of a man whose virtue had been offended, "you ask me to do you a favour and you agree to pay me for it. That is what your proposal comes to. I do not entertain it. I could not entertain it. The least pure of the noble spirits of the Revolution may be the man who addresses you, and who has dared to love you, but he does not make bargains for his philanthropy."

Citizen Hebert ceased. He had uttered a fine sentiment, and did his own character justice. The trembling girl before him admired neither.

She covered her face with her hands, and bending her head the tears trickled through between her fingers.

"I do not approve of executions," said Citizen Hebert, resuming. "Robespierre himself does not; but this is a life due to the manes of the dead. To save it on any condition there should be strong reason and great influence."

"Surely, if Talbot were banished, exiled, sent to Cayenne, the Republic would not miss his blood, nor would its fortress be more endangered. Oh! Citizen, save him if ever any feeling of the heart has touched you with its influence. If you admire honour, consistency, and courage, save a man in whom all those virtues are living and breathing."

"What reason have I to urge to Robespierre, that I should do this thing? What am I to say to the *Comite du Salut Public* about it? How will I tell them my interest, and above all, how will I dare the risk that afterwards must attach to my existence in the public memory that I crossed public justice for a confessed traitor and aristocrat?"

Citizen Hebert rose and paced the apartment.

"And Citoyenne, you plead to me to endanger myself for the man whom I detest. You ask of me a favour so great as is the value of my own existence to me. I have asked you for a favour which would cost you no loss, save that of your name. Place both together and compare them. you refused, and am I to give?"

Slowly Louise arose, turned away, and went towards the door. Her fingers clasped the handle.

"Stay!" said the virtuous senator. Louise stood. Her face was haggard as if some agonising thought had crossed her soul, which left its impress upon the feature in a glance of horror.

"Stay! I am willing to do this. I will have grounds upon which to do it, if you do a deed by me, as generous as that which goes to save this Talbot. Give peace to this heart," murmured the parliamentary orator; "give life to me by telling me if Talbot be saved, that you will be my bride on the day that was to be that of his execution. Thus it will be a memory and a sign to us both."

"Ask me," said Louise, "for all I possess in this world, and were al my father's fortune mine, it should be yours, but, Citizen Hebert, do not sully your generosity by asking a heart which could not love you—do not stain your honour by taking a hand which was promised to another. Ah! let me remember you as one who was noble where I could be only selfish, and disinterested where I could only feel the prompting of a great interest."

Louise looked, as she uttered those words, as if a load were lifted from her heart, and a heaven opened to her hope. Citizen Hebert placed his hand upon the door-handle, shook his head and bowed. It was enough, there was despair again in the look of Citoyenne Dessault as she passed through the doorway, and as she went down the staircase, it might have been the sob of a woman Citizen Hebert heard, or the sigh of the wind outside his house.

Next morning Citizen Hebert received a billet. He opened it—smiled triumphantly.

"So she marries me," he said. "Good! but it must be to-morrow, and Talbot dies for all that."

Citizen Hebert, it was remarked in the Convention, never spoke better than on that day, when he proved the virtue of republican institutions, and demonstrated their superior philanthropy and morality.

III.

It was morning again. The prison bell at the Temple was swinging with slow and solemn toll as the prisoners were assembled to their breakfast. In the great hall of the gaol they gathered, men and women, an aristocratic assemblage, that in the *degage*, *ensouicant* air of refinement which pervaded, it might have given its figures to one of Watteau's paintings. The wife of the gaoler was giving out the *boulli* to duchesses and dukes, comtes and comtesses, with an air that might have graced some of their quondam servitors in the task of ministering to the wants of their kennels. A laughing girl of sixteen was coming from the *maitresse de cuisine* with her allowance.

"Ha! Mademoiselle de Cushigny," said a tall soldierly-looking young man, "your cavalier is not at his post this morning. Allow me to perform his duty for his neglect."

"Thank you, M. le Duc," she answered, with a toss of her head, "my cup-bearers have been so mercurial of late that I will never appoint another. Talbot has just done as his predecessor before him. He is so precise as to his appearance at the Place de Greve to-day he has forgotten his duty. Now, on such an occasion you would require a week to practise attitudes, whilst Talbot only requires a morning."

"Clever," chimed in a gray-headed old gentleman. "Mademoiselle should choose the most devoted of her slaves from a more staid, and not less ardent, class of lovers. Youth is ever evanescent and changeable."

"Yes!" retorted the Duke, "she could find a votary in M. the Minister at War, for instance. Monsieur would give the armour of Glaucus for that of Diomedes."

"It is Homer's story re-told," said Mademoiselle, "brazen for golden." Her words ended in a burst of laughter from the listeners, which was not stilled even by the entrance of a commissary and some *gens d'armes* to read the list of those to be sent to execution.

The reading of it began as Talbot entered, he passed down the room to receive his morning meal like the rest, and with his dole of food joined the laughing group.

"Mademoiselle must pardon me," said he, bowing; "but I shall not offend her again. Pray, who is my successor in office?"

"Do not tell him, Mademoiselle," said the Duc de Tremorilles, who had spoken before. "He does not deserve——"

"Marie Patrick Talbot, ex-noble," shouted the voice of the commissary.

"When Marie Patrick Talbot finishes his soup he is yours, Ignoble!"

The repartee disturbed the commissary, and he ordered the *gen d'armes* to arrest the prisoner and convey him forth.

"Just in time," said he, presenting the empty bowl to one of them. "Good morning, messieurs," to the group, "Mademoiselle, a pleasant day," and with these words the Comte Talbot de Fontenoy went to ascend the *fourgon*, loaded with its freight of human victims.

The Temple gate clanged behind, the *gen d'armes* ranged themselves along the huge waggons upon which were huddled together a crowd of persons, young and old, men and women. The curly heads of little children, in the arms of their mothers, were lifted beside the gray and venerable hairs of age, which were interspersed amid the group. The faces of girls in the first blush of youth, soft and delicate, contrasted with the hard lines and stern aspect of men worn in war or in the world. The mob of spectators gathered thicker around the creaking carts as they rolled slowly along. They moved on in dismal procession whilst the horror was made more revolting by the obscenities and ribaldries of the crowd, and turned down at last toward the Place, at whose further end the guillotine lifted its spectre-like figure. They were soon at the scaffold's foot. One by one each of the doomed ascended the steps. The terrible arm of the guillotine was raised as each head was bent beneath it. A gift worthy of Tamerlane was in the basket underneath it. Fifty heads, grimed with blood and saw-dust, lay therein, that but an hour since were all busy with thought and conjecture. There was but one left now to fall. A figure clad in gray ascended the little staircase. A hoarse shout of joy ascended from the thousands that swayed and heaved around the scaffold. The event of the day was about to be accomplished, and they waited it with the highest expressions of delight.

"Talbot! Talbot! Talbot!" they shouted. The figure bowed rather than knelt. Again the dexterous hand of the executioner touched the spring, again swept through the groove the gleaming outline of the knife, and the mob vociferated with delight, as those nearest the scaffold sprang upon it, and seized the dripping head of Talbot, to carry it in triumph around Paris. Whilst they struggled and gloated on their prize the assistants at the guillotine drew over the headless corse. One hand was bent across the vest and within its folds. The lucky idea seized the executioner that it might be a jewel of value which it grasped. With ease he drew it out, and clasped in the pale fingers, he found a plaited lock of hair—woman's hair—golden hair, that gleamed in the bloody fingers of the *bourreau*. With a muttered *sacre!* he turned the body over.

Whilst the mob of the Place de Greve enjoyed its terrible revelry, others too more orderly held festivity. In a street leading upon the Place was the house of the Citizen Dessault, and the citizen had gathered all his friends to his daughter's bridal. Names, since terrible, were banded from lip to lip, as one guest addressed the other. It was an assembly of the *Bourreaux barbouilleurs des lois*, just as that of the Temple was a gathering of the purest blood of the French nobility. In their midst sat Louise

Hebert *née* Dessault, whilst her new-made husband did the honours of the host. Amedee Hebert was just at that moment intoxicated with pride and success. He had gained a wife who was heiress of immense riches, and, in addition, was wondrously beautiful. She was enveloped in a cloud of white drapery, her face pale, but a wild light gleaming in her eyes, told that the pallor was more the offspring of thought than of ill health. Clearly she made a struggle to seem gay and pleased, but now and then a sigh, deep and involuntary, now and then a convulsive trembling of the lip, told what a warfare she was waging with her heart. It was in the midst of this scene that the wild shouting of the mob was heard as they turned down from the Parisian arena of sacrifice.

"The executions are over," said a little man with a pale face, and green spectacles. It was Robespierre, "and the people show their attachment to the law."

"No! No!" said St. Just, a heavy, thick-set personage, "it is some popular movement that is taking place. I should not wonder if it were to honour the good Citizen Dessault, or my friend Hebert—here they come this way."

"What a crowd!" said Santerre, who stood at the window which was open.

The company rose to get a nearer view of the scene. Her father urged Louise to accompany them towards the windows. She went and watched the crowd, the mighty Parisian crowd, that flowed amid noise, and jeers, and laughter, under the windows, as it swept down the street. At last, as its files went by, they grew denser, and the low murmur grew more stern and hoarse. From time to time they looked back as if some object attracted their regards, and from time to time they shouted and laughed with horrid laughter, as some movement behind gained their applause or evoked their mirth. At length that object came in view. It was a human head, mounted on a pole. It was the head of Marie Patrick Talbot. The face was turned to the windows of Citizen Dessault's house. The open eyes, as they stared in death, looked full at the groups that stood there. The clustering curls were lifted from the fair and intellectual brow by the wind that swept above the gibbering crew that bore the ghastly emblem. The lips were retracted in a smile, which told of defiant agony, and the white teeth gleamed through the light covering of the budding monstache of the reckless but gallant Talbot. One eye caught the cruel sight, before all others. The din and clamour of the crowd was at its height, but a shriek—a wail of agony—clear, thrilling, and prolonged, that came from the house of Dessault, stilled the noise with its wild burst of woe. It was the bride who thus disturbed the enjoyment of Paris. The head was borne along, the crowd swept after it and became as noisy as before, but within the house of citizen Dessault there was perturbation that did not fleet with the waves of the mob, that like an ocean, poured its tide along. The guests gathered around the girl, who stood pale and as if petrified. The face, fair and young, wore the aspect of the grief of age, the hair, gathered in curls, stood up from the skin of the brow—the eyes alone told the intensity of the fire of life within. She turned away

from the window. Hebert sat still at the upper end of the table loaded with viands. She spoke.

"Cheat, villain, false man, and deadly enemy of honour, truth, and virtue, you have your victory." Her voice was clear as a bell, her manner cold, and yet those words produced all the effect that a burst of passion could. "Yes! such as it is you have it. Your cunning has beat a woman's faith and trust in manly honesty—it is a victory—a victory fit for you, and one that you may pride yourself on, but the world must know how you won it. Citizens!" she exclaimed, turning to the guests, "Marie Patrick Talbot I loved so much, that I consented to become the wife of his greatest foe—the wife of the wretch I most detested, that his life might be saved. I would have honoured him for saving that life with an honour and obedience next to that I owe my God. I would have been faithful to him whatever changes came over him in this world, until my heart should break with its sorrows, or its strife with itself. This I would be surely as I had sworn it. He told me, for this, that Talbot, him whose head you saw, should be saved on condition of leaving France. He told me he would be afforded a safe conduct to-day; and I believed this man, this advocate of truth, this expounder of justice, this pattern of philanthropy. He said he was safe—that he was far on his way to liberty and happiness, elsewhere than in this distracted land. What say you, citizens, to this—this—this—husband of mine—this confrere of yours? What do you say?"

She tottered towards a chair and grasped it. She would have fallen but for Citizen Robespierre, who held her up.

"Poor girl," said he, "poor girl!"

The bride was borne to the bridal chamber insensible—she recovered consciousness no more. Through that day—through that night—through nights and days after, there never was heard a word from her lips. Death seemed to have sealed them up, death seemed to master her motionless limbs. But her eyes were gleaming still with the light that burned in them on her marriage day. She never closed them—she never slept. When the stars ruled in the sky those accusing eyes were gleaming, still wide and staring. When the sun rose in the heavens and ran his course through the day, they were shining still. At length one night the attendant, weary of watching that being, dead, yet living, living, yet dead, slept in the morning watch. The roseate light of the early dawn gleamed through the casement. The watcher awoke to fulfill her trust. She looked to the sick girl, and her eyes were open still—light was shining in them still, but it was the light of life no more—it was a strong beam of the morning reflected through the glassy orbs of the dead Louise.

LADY MARION.

"At the first blink of the morning light they found Lady Marion lying, cold and dead, beside the corse of her lover, in the Hollow of Barna."

—*Story of the Gillie Grumach.*

In the gold and the purple of sunset,
The great Hold of Carrick looks down
On its greenwoods and calm winding river,
And far-stretching moorlands of brown.
The stout warder leans o'er the turret,
His helmet afire in the sun,
And his gay gleaming harness half on ;
And out from the draw-bridge rides Marion,
That bright blessed Eve of Saint John.

Out she rides on her little black palfrey,
Round the verge of the calm, reedy moat,
And she looks on the deep glassy water
Far beneath, where the white lilies float ;
But there's not in those depths one white lily
Can mate with her brow snowy fair ;
No tall iris bloom flaunting there,
With its golden leaves spread like a banner,
More bright than her long yellow hair.

Out she rides through the lone dreamy woodland,
Where the rill trickles down crystal clear,
Where the brooding doves coo from the pine trees,
And the robin sings blithe on the brier ;
Where the gorse, with a cincture of yellow,
Encircles the marge of the fen,
Uncrossed by the pathways of men ;
And the foxglove, in crimson and purple,
Robes the steep sunny side of the glen.

There's a mound o'er the verge of the valley,
Looking out to the far golden west,
At its green sloping base a clear streamlet,
A huge Druid cairn on its crest ;
And there 'neath that cairn by her palfrey,
With a face like the fresh smiling dawn,
She rests, as the calm hour steals on,
With the glory of sunset around her,
That bright blessed Eve of Saint John.

Ho ! knights who are deft in the tourney,
And victors in foray and fray ;
Can ye look on that fair maid unconquered,
As she rests by the cairn rude and gray ?
Ah ! many a lance ye have shivered,
And many a keen cutting blade,
Many crests in the mire lowly laid,
In tourney and red tide of battle,
For the love of that bright Ormond maid !

But your lances in vain they are shattered,
In vain cross your swords in the fight ;
For Love is the victor of victors,
And ye bow to the dust 'neath his might.
And the heart of young Marion is stricken,
You'll win her sweet smiles never more,
For her vows they are vowed o'er and o'er
To love but one brave knight for ever—
Despite thee, Sir Bertram le Poer !

Ah ! thou by her stern sire art chosen,
And thou shouldst be gentle and true ;
But a deep vow of vengeance thou'st sworn,
Be she false, that her falsehood she'll rue.
Yet there, by that lone ghostly cairn,
She waits on the mound, not for thee,
But for Donat, the lord of her bosom—
The fearless young Knight of Lisree !

Sank the sun in a flood of red glory,
Afar o'er the broad bronzed main,
And at once through the gray, soundless twilight
Blazed the Baal-fires o'er mountain and plain.
From Clonmel to the fortress of Graffon,
And up thy broad breast, Sliavnamon,
Shooting high to the calm stars they shone,
With a weird glare of far-stretching splendour,
That sweet windless Eve of Saint John.

As she looked on the Baal-fires out burning,
Lighting castle and crag in their glow,
Came a trampling of hoofs from the upland,
And a tramp from the deep gorge below.
Throbbled her heart with a sweet throb of gladness,
And anon with a strange fear was still,
As her little steed turned towards the hill,
Stamped its brazen-shod hoof on the greensward,
And neighed with a voice wild and shrill.

Loud, loud sounds the trampling, and louder,
 As nearer and nearer they come;
 And she sees, as she looks down the valley
 Two knights spurring hard through the gloom,
 On they rushed, breast to breast, like the thunder,
 On the low stony verge of the shore—
 One went down with a crash in his gore,
 Young Donat, the lord of her bosom,
 'Neath the spear of Sir Bertram le Poer!

There is woe in the great Hold of Carrick,
 There is weeping o'er valley and plain,
 There is searching for young Lady Marion,
 But she'll ne'er ope' her bright eyes again;
 For she lies by the corse of her lover,
 Where the sad little stream hurries on,
 And no voice can awake her save One—
 The trumpet that sounds for the Judgment—
 That calm starry Eve of Saint John!

R. D. J.

 BY THE FIRESIDE.

"THERE is a boy down stairs, sir, who wants more 'copy.'"

Such was the agreeable communication that aroused us from our pleasant reverie by the fireside, and recalled us from ecstatic visions of *Chateaux en Espagne* and broad acres in the Isle of Skye—palatial mansions, lands teeming with milk and honey, perfectly unincumbered, and all our own—to a recollection of the stern reality that we were, after all, merely a denizen of this work-a-day world, and that if we had any desire to adopt the advice of a certain William Shakspeare, and "put money in our purse," we had much better see and comply with the demand of the imp whose necessities had so rudely "left not a wrack" of our Elysian dreams of resplendent mansions and plethoric coffers. We believe no *savau* has as yet had the temerity to controvert the fact that our familiar country friend the crow, has been from time immemorial in possession of a bill. Now, as certain as this is an ornithological truism, so certain are we that the most insatiable, the most pressing, (no pun is intended here, the man who would make a pun, etc.) and the most inexorable specimens of humanity extant are unquestionably the disciples of Caxton, and those juvenile but precocious young gentlemen attendant upon them, ycleped "printer's devils." Their anxiety for "copy" is a veritable case of literary plebetis. "Please, sir, I want more," the celebrated appeal of Oliver Twist to a pompously important parish official, and which caused that functionary to stand

aghast with horror, is their parrot cry "from morn till dewy eve." They are the human spiders that would remorselessly suck the brains of poor flies of authors. They are—but we must not forget that we are at their mercy, so, perhaps, a dignified and silent reprobation of their merciless conduct is the best policy. But about the copy? That is the question. What shall the subject be? There is the rub. Passing our hands through our hair—cudgelling our brains, as the operation is vulgarly termed—we begin to recollect that a popular French author once wrote a very charming work with the quaint title of "A Journey Round My Room." Out of that wonderful apartment he had no occasion to travel for *materiel*, the remembrance reminding us, by way of contrast, of Dean Swift's pithy remark, that the world had to be circumnavigated before a washerwoman could sit down to breakfast. Is there anything, we wonder, in our room we could say something about. Ah! there is our coat negligently thrown over the back of a chair. As we gaze at this useful integument—unlike the crow, it has no bill attached to it—we almost fancy it provokingly inquiring whether we would not relish a quiet walk to Sandymount, or an invigorating drive to the Plain of the Bull, as Clontarf *should* be called, or a visit to somebody whose little head might be at that moment peering through the casement in expectation of our appearance, well knowing that we had "copy"—odious word—to provide. Let us see whether we cannot extract a little from our coat.

"Something about his coat! Why he might as well tell me that the Four Georges are dead," says the reader. And, indeed, the reader is not unreasonable. If he is not familiar with his own coat it will be hard to say with what he is familiar. There may be "a nearer one yet, and a dearer one" in the shape of his under-clothing; still the relations existing between him and the first-named are presumptive evidence of a very close intimacy. Unluckily in this case, as elsewhere, familiarity has a tendency to breed contempt. Habit causes the owner to be very much disposed to take his outer envelope for granted; at all events, he does not bestow much reflection upon its antecedents. He knows, and cares to know, no more about it than that his artist has taken his order, and set down an item to his account. The item has been tried on, altered, and finally approved. That is enough. But there is a vast difference between the frowsy wool, as it appeared when first shorn from the back of the parent sheep, and the velvety fabric that greets the eye upon the disruption of the brown paper parcel, which protects the transit of the accomplished coat. On the processes which have wrought this change the wearer bestows no thought. To him a coat is a coat and nothing more. His heart never melts at the sufferings of the original material in its transitional state, how it has been delivered over to "devils" to be "teased;" how it has been "milled," and if not done for, at any rate "finished." Nor is his admiration excited by the perfection of the mechanical appliances which have facilitated these trials, and used them as means for producing so satisfactory a result. A fact or two from the factories may serve to dispel this unjust indifference.

This word, factory, itself at once reminds us of one, and not the least

of the hardships experienced by the coat, during its natural progress from wool to cloth, viz., the peculiar disagreeableness of its temporary habitation. The older woollen factories have generally a very strong resemblance to some very dirty religious edifice, topped by a chimney instead of a steeple. The principal difference is, that the windows of the former are a trifle smaller, and that there are five or six storeys instead of two. On entering, we may frequently find the floor covered to the depth of several inches with a soil of black grease, the coagulation of year-long spillings from the oil-can. Grimy particles float in the air; unsavoury smells irritate the nostrils; a ceaseless whirr and rattle of machinery astound the ears; while up and down worn and very break-neck ladders, the operatives, shining with sweat and smeared with dye, ascend and descend in the intervals of their employment. Such were the early surroundings of the apparel, which, in its later development, proclaims the exquisite. Surely, after this the good coat has a right to a little retrospective consideration, in addition to the privilege of occupying those pleasant wardrobes where the good coats go, and where it nestles amid lavender scent bags, except when delicately unfolded and summoned forth to bask in the sunshine of the best society.

According to the successive results which they are intended to accomplish, other ante-vestmental trials may be divided into classes. First, the wool has to be cleansed and disentangled. With the new wool there will, nine times out of ten, be a leaven of old or rag-wool. The latter is delivered, by the fates that preside over factories, to the "devil" to be "teased." The most rigorous Calvinist could not devote the sinner to more untender mercies than those of the machine which bears this ill-omened name. The wool is tossed and whirled about, till the sheep that bore it would be puzzled to recognise its identity. It must, however, be consoling for it to know, that it is for its own good. By this and similar rough handling, yclept "scribbling" and "carding," the whole mass, old and new, is rendered fit for a second series of trials. Having been torn to pieces, and thereby purified, it has now to be gradually twisted into ropes, which by proper mechanical manipulation eventually dwindle down to threads. The two parts of this course are called "slubbing" and "spinning" respectively—the agents in either case are "spindles." Upon these, as well as upon the "weaving" which follows, we need not enlarge; partly because the processes in question are not characterized by an amount of ill-usage sufficient to excite the sympathy of the indifferent, and partly because our readers very possibly know all about them. It is enough that the loom, by plaiting together and securing a vast number of threads, connects and turns out the woven piece, which is the rudiment of the textile fabric. But the loom has not been able to give the closeness of texture and the power of cohesion requisite for the wear and tear of vestmental life. "Milling" is the very thing to supply these deficiencies. The embryo garment wants bracing, and "milling" is decidedly bracing. It is here that the patient, as if determined to be equal to the occasion, develops the qualities which are its special characteristics, and which constitute its peculiar worth. Having first been saturated with a liquor, of which soap and dirty water are the

more mentionable components, it is subjected to a course of most unmerciful pounding at the hands of a series of gigantic wooden hammers, which come down on it with a thump like that of ever so many paviors' rammers indefinitely magnified. This treatment might, at first sight, seem more likely to kill than to cure, but it somehow suits the constitution of the subject. The latter literally gathers strength from it. It "felts"; that is, what with the bath and the thumping, the constituent threads are drawn nearer to their respective neighbours, as if they instinctively knew that it is only on the Highland principle of shoulder to shoulder that they can hope to resist such onslaughts. Thus the whole piece diminishes in bulk, but acquires the necessary strength. It is this tendency to shrink, under certain circumstances, which distinguishes woollen from worsted, and, indeed, from all other cloths.

The time has now come for consulting the appearance, all having been done that can be done for the constitution. The warehouse already looms at no great distance; but much remains to be undergone before our wool, now become cloth, can achieve an entry. Draggled, greasy, unsavoury, rough, it would as yet tempt no "traveller." It must be "finished." "Stoves" must cause the moisture and the evil odour to evaporate, "irons" must smooth the roughness, the nap must be "raised", and "shorn", and "raised" once more. This "raising" is nothing but a process of combing the surface with a proper machine, by which means the fibres of the wool are drawn up, and made, as it were, to bristle. In the case of the finer cloths, these are shorn and shorn again, until the glossy appearance, essential to any claim to the title "superfine", is eventually attained. In the tougher materials the shaving is dispensed with, and the object is to raise the fibres so as to give the particular character of roughness required. Of these we have specimens in the imitation seal-skins, and the various sorts of hairy stuffs used for over-coats. Manufacturers have made fortunes simply by raising the nap in a pattern which has caught the public fancy; and often the parts of the factory where the particular operation is going on are boarded off, and locked, lest inquisitive eyes should detect, and loquacious tongues disclose, the secrets of the machine which operates.

The nomenclature of the several parts, as the treatment nears its conclusion, becomes less terrifically metaphorical. After having been "teased" and "milled", the poor cloth has certainly a right to expect that its worst trials are well nigh over; indeed, its constitution, with all its "felting" powers, could hardly be expected to stand a repetition of these incidents of cure; consequently, we find things in general made much pleasanter. A genial, we will not say an oppressive atmosphere, is provided for it in the "storing" or "drying" room; whilst even the combing its surface into proper condition becomes a kind of carriage exercise, seeing that it is performed in an engine called a "gig"; and it must indeed be devoid of all feeling if it is not gratified by the attentions bestowed upon it, in the way of folding, and patting, and pressing, previous to its final reception in the warehouse.

Every male reader can judge how the whole system answers, by look-

ing down at the individual case as exhibited in his own outward man. The gloss of the new coat will show the "finish;" the stoutness of the old coat will prove the original goodness of the material, and the artificial development of its strength. We have only touched upon one or two of the means taken to bring about these results. In all, the various processes amount to some two score, most of which are performed by very elaborate machinery, under the care of well-paid and intelligent operatives. If our sentimental disclosure of the hardships submitted to by the cloth fail to awaken a curiosity for further information, we may add, that the woollen manufacture was the original one of England. In what manner and by whom its prosperity in Ireland was destroyed, are matters of history. At any rate, as evidencing the remote antiquity of its establishment in Ireland, and the enterprise of Irish merchants, we may mention, that in a record no less ancient than the Domesday Book, there are allusions to the various commodities exported at that early period from Ireland to England and Wales, and that amongst them we find special reference to the Irish cloths. So precious were the interests of the woollen manufacture formerly considered in England, that laws were passed enacting that the very shrouds of the dead should be made of wool, while even to this day the Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the woolsack, in allusion to the supposed foundation of the national prosperity.

So much for our coat. It has afforded us some "copy," that mysterious what-not which printers consider as equally necessary to their existence as any of the good things of life, (and "copy" sometimes cannot be classified amongst them), so we will not quarrel with it for its fancied mockery of our enforced in-door life. Every coat, however, or rather the material of every coat, must be accompanied by "trimmings," and it is only fair our "copy" should have as addenda a few words anent "et ceteras." We are unable to state offhand what period first made use of this Græco-Latin phrase, as expressive of that invariable remainder, be it of things or persons, which is as little foreseen in preliminary calculations as it is included in subsequent definitions. Doubtless, the period thought itself a very clever period. Here, in what may be called one word, it provided a formula which should thenceforth cut prolixity short, smother useless verbiage, and throw out in bolder relief the point really deserving of attention. It was undeniably an elegant formula, for both Greek and Latin were blended in its ingredients, and to make shortness doubly short, it was provided with an attendant symbol, "&c.," the brevity of which can scarcely be impugned. Now, we are not prepared to deny that "et cetera" has done, and may still do, good service to the community. There are numberless channels of usefulness open to it. For instance, if a gentleman boasts of diplomas from several British and foreign universities, or corresponds with several British and foreign societies, or has written several published works, "et cetera" will be a convenient summary of his titles and a compendious catalogue of his performances. The complimentary in the usual forms of invitation might well be replaced by the hieroglyphic "&c." Instead of Mrs. A. presenting her compliments to Mr. B., and requesting the honour of his company to dinner,

we should suggest the word "dinner," printed in very large letters, between the names of the invitor and the invited, with an *ad libitum* allowance of "&cs" to represent the compliments. This would answer the purpose, and save a good deal of expense for printing. It would not be amiss if even the more flowery part of conversation admitted the same substitute. It is a mistake to suppose that the male folk now-a-days are undemonstrative. On the contrary, they are addicted to much patting of your shoulder; they will hold your hand in theirs for some time after the first violent shake, and give it at intervals a series of little shakes, whenever they wish to emphasize the "dear old fellows," and "how well you're looking, old boy's," which are the exponents of their regard. How invaluable, under these circumstances, would be a judicious use of our formula. Robinson, meeting his friend, might address him with "my dear Jones, &c.," to which Jones would answer, "my dear Robinson, ditto." The requirements of civility would be satisfied, with some saving of time, and less expenditure of humbug.

The line in which we conceive "et cetera's" true vocation to lie, we have just hinted at. Alas! that with such power of doing good, it should be in the main the cause of such fatal errors in matters of vital importance. It is very true, that this is owing to no vice innate in the poor formula itself. It doesn't mean any harm. It can't help itself, if people will misunderstand the aggregate importance of the units which compose it, and under-rate the sum total of these units when added together. "Et cetera's" final interest was to express vaguely those objects which people would not take the trouble to count. If people are too lazy to count those things which they ought to count, and, instead of doing so, throw them over in a lump to "et cetera" to take care of, whose fault is it? Still, though the formula may not mean it, its very existence aids and abets the weakness of poor human nature. In questions of expense, the more anxious we are for the object, the more determined do we grow not to include the "et ceteras" in its cost. We know very well that its acquirement will also involve that of certain accessories, but we won't realize the fact until pay-day comes. Those eminent artists, Cutem and Fitem, may have advanced us many coats, and we may, at unwarrantably long intervals, have satisfied some of their claims, still, when we visit their establishments, on splendour intent, we obstinately forget that silk facings and silk sleeve-linings, fancy buttons and velvet collars, are "et ceteras" that will be heard of when the collector waits.

The items included under the heads of linings and trimmings, ladies have told us are not unfrequently answerable for a large share of the whole cost of a not very fashionable dress. Is dearest Edward informed of this when permission to make the purchase is asked, and its probable expense estimated? Though none but very young married couples quite overlook the rates and taxes as an addition to their future house rent, we suspect a good number do not realise the whole significance of the bursting of water-pipes, the stoppage of gas-pipes, or the constantly recurring necessity for repairs of some sort or other. As a familiar instance of the importance of taking

"et ceteras" into account, where it is desirable to make both ends meet, we may mention the charge usually made for the table to diners at clubs. We must inform our fair readers that this does not mean that the solitary gourmands who feast in these palaces are so violent that they do one or two shillings' worth of damage to the mahogany while feeding; the payment is made for what the Yankees call the fixings of the repast—the bread, cheese, sauce, use of table-linen, plate, and so on. If, as club statisticians assert, five shillings is above the average cost of club-dinners, it is evident that the "et ceteras," in guise of the table, more than hold their own. From the expenses of the table to its pleasures is an easy transition. Observe yon plethoric, gout-tormented gentleman, just tucking his napkin into his top button-hole, preparatory to the great event of his day. He is literally killing himself with "et ceteras." A bit of fish and plain roast and boiled are supposed to form his meal. His doctor could not have meant that the first was to be accompanied by cucumber and lobster-sauce, or that the joint should be a passport for suet pudding and parsnips, or laver and currant jelly; much less that the whole was to be rendered digestible by Stilton cheese and salad, and settled by café noir and cognac. With regard to pocket and digestion, therefore, we have the proportion, that as incidental expenses are to overdrawn accounts, so are culinary *hors d'œuvres* to overloaded stomachs. But the application of the principle upon which we insist, is far from being limited to pocket and stomach alone. It is hardly too much to say, that, giving certain necessary qualifications, all success becomes a question of "et ceteras." The educational "et cetera," spelling and arithmetic, are the stumbling-blocks which usually trip up competitive examinees on the threshold of official salvation. Even statesmen, be they ever so jaunty and debonair, discover that it won't do to pooh-pooh gentlemen, who, gender excepted, might well be termed the "et cetera" of their parliamentary following. We might go on multiplying instances *ad infinitum*, but—

"Is the 'copy' ready yet, sir?" (Here a rather strong expletive.)
 "Bring the imp this!"

ON A FISHING CRUISE.

PARLIAMENTARY "Blue Books" are proverbially insipid reading, and the voluminous reports presented, on stated occasions, to our sapient legislators by the Fishery Commissioners of the United Kingdom, are not exceptions. The impossibility of manufacturing a silk purse out of a sow's ear, is a proverb as old as the hills, and it is equally beyond human ingenuity to find the materials for an interesting statistical paper out of the dense array of tabulated statements which we find in these elaborately compiled documents. Leaving them, therefore, to the attention of those for whose special edification they are designed, let us briefly glance at what are generally known as the "white-fish fisheries."

There exists no organization for carrying on the white fisheries, as there is in the case of the oyster and herring fisheries. So far as our most plentiful table fish are concerned, the supply seems utterly dependant on chance, or the will of individuals. A man (or company) owning a boat goes to sea just when he pleases. In Scotland, where a great quantity of the best white fish are caught, this is particularly the case, and the consequence is, that at the season of the year, when the principal white and flat fish are in the prime condition, they are not to be procured, the general answer to all inquiries being: "The men are away at the herring." This is true, the best boats and the strongest and most intelligent fishermen have removed for a time to distant fishing towns, to engage in the capture of the herring, which forms, during the summer months, a noted industrial feature on our coasts, and allures to the scene all the best fishermen, in the hope that they may gain a prize in the great herring lottery, prizes in which are not uncommon, as some boats will take fish to the extent of two hundred barrels in the course of a week or two. Only a few decrepid old men are left to try their luck with the cod and haddock lines, the result being, as we have stated above, a scarcity of white and flat fish, which is beginning to be felt in greatly enhanced prices.

The white-fish fisheries embrace the prominent members of the "Gadidæ" and Pleuronectidæ families, in other words, cod, haddock, whiting, turbot, soles, plaice, and other flat fish, too numerous to particularize here. All these were at one time very plentiful in the British seas, and could always be caught in large quantities round our coasts. At present they are not quite so abundant, and, as we are totally destitute of trustworthy statistics of the produce of the white-fish fisheries, we can only in a general way guess that the supply is diminishing. The old fishing banks are now pretty much exhausted, and no new ones have been recently discovered to help our supplies.

The "Gadidæ" family is numerous, and its members valuable for table purposes; three of the fishes of that genus are particularly in request, viz., whiting, cod, and haddock. These are the three most frequently eaten in a fresh state; there are others of the family which are extensively captured, for the purpose of being dried and salted, among which are the cod, the ling, etc. There is nothing particular in the mode of capturing haddocks or cod-fish. Strong lines of cord of great length, each having a few hundred hooks attached, are the instruments made use of; the hooks are baited with a mussel, clam, or piece of herring, and being sunk in the water in a favourite locality, a few dozens of fish may be obtained at each haul. The fish taken are very often small in size, and not in good condition, but as they are killed before the fishermen can notice them, they must be used, as it is of no use to throw them into the water. This accounts for the immense quantities of small haddocks and whittings which in some seasons are brought to market. Vast quantities of cod-fish are sent to market in a dried or cured state, and the great seat of the cod-fishing for curing purposes is at Newfoundland. Considerable numbers, however, of cod and ling are likewise cured on the coast of Scotland. The mode of cure

is quite simple. The fish must be cured as soon as possible after it has been caught. A few having been brought on shore, they are at once split up from head to tail, and by copious washing thoroughly cleansed. A piece of the backbone being cut away, they are then drained, and afterwards laid down in long vats, covered with salt, heavy weights being placed upon them to keep them thoroughly under the action of the pickle. By-and-by they are taken out of the vat, and are once more drained, being at the same time carefully washed and brushed, to prevent the collection of any kind of impurity. Next, the fish are "pined" by exposure to the sun and air; in other words, they are bleached by being spread out individually on the sandy beach, or upon such rocks or stones as may be convenient. After this process has been gone through, the fish are then collected into little heaps, which are technically called "steeples." When the "bloom," or whitish appearance, which after a time they assume, comes out on the dried fish the process is finished, and they are then quite ready for market. The consumption of dried cod or ling is very large, and extends over the whole globe.

The haddock has ever been a favourite fish, and the vast quantities of it which are annually consumed are really wonderful. Vast numbers used to be taken in the Firth of Forth, but the supply has considerably decreased of late years, and the local fishermen have to proceed to considerable distances in order to procure the necessary quantity. The old belief in the migratory habits of fish comes again into notice, in connection with the haddock. Pennant having taught us that the haddock appeared periodically, in great quantities, about mid-winter, that theory is still believed, although the appearance of this fish in shoals may be easily explained, from the local habits of most of the denizens of the great deep. It is said that in stormy weather the haddock refuses every kind of bait, and seeks refuge among marine plants in the deepest part of the ocean, where it remains until the violence of the elements is somewhat subsided. The scarcity of fresh haddocks may be accounted for by the immense quantities which are converted into "Finnan haddies"—a well-known breakfast luxury no longer confined to Scotland. It is difficult to procure genuine Finns, smoked in the original way by means of peat-reek; like everything else for which there is a great demand, Finnan haddies are now manufactured in quantity; and, to make the trade a profitable one, they are cured by the hundred in smoking-houses built for the purpose, and are smoked by burning wood or saw-dust, which, however, does not give them the proper *goût*. In fact, the wood-smoked Finns, except that they are fish, have no more the right flavour than has Scotch marmalade manufactured from turnips instead of bitter oranges. Fifty years ago it was different; then the haddocks were smoked in small quantities in the fishing villages between Aberdeen and Stonehaven, and entirely over a peat fire. The peat-reek conferred upon them that peculiar flavour which gave them a reputation. The fisher-wives used to pack small quantities of these delicately-cured fish into a basket, and give them to the guard of the coach which ran between Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and the guard brought them to town, confiding

them for sale to a brother who dealt in provisions; and it is known that out of the various transactions which then arose, the two made in the course of time a handsome profit. The fame of that kind of fish rapidly spread, so that cargoes used to be brought by steam-boat, and they are now carried by railway to all parts of the country with great celerity, the demand being so great as to induce men to foist on the public any kind of cure they can manage to accomplish.

For table purposes there are upwards of a dozen kinds of flat fish that are popular. One of these is a very large fish, known as the holibut (*Hippoglossus vulgaris*), which has been found in the northern sea to attain occasionally a weight of from three to four hundred pounds. The flavour of the holibut is not very delicate, although it has frequently been mistaken for turbot by those not conversant in fish history. The true turbot (*Rhombus maximus*) is the especial delight of the aldermanic epicures, and fabulous sums have been given at different times by rich persons in order to secure a turbot for their dinner-table. This fine fish is, or rather used to be, largely taken on our own coast; but now we have to rely upon more distant fishing-grounds for a large portion of our supply. The old complaint of our ignorance of fish habits must be again reiterated here; for it is not long since it was supposed that the turbot was a kind of migratory fish, that might be caught at one place to-day and at another to-morrow. The smaller varieties of the flat fish, such as the flounder, dab, plaice, etc., we need not particularly notice, except to say that immense quantities of them are annually consumed in London, Dublin, and other cities. The sole is almost entirely taken by means of the trawl-net; it is quite a ground fish, and inhabits the sandy places round the coast, feeding on the minor crustacea, and upon the spawn and young of various kinds of fish. Good supplies of this popular fish are taken on the west coast of England, and they are very plentiful in the Irish seas. Indeed, all kinds of fish are said to inhabit our waters, and there can be no doubt of this, at any rate, that the fishing on the Irish coasts has never been so vigorously prosecuted as on the coast of Scotland and England, so that there has been a greater chance for the best kinds of white fish to thrive and multiply. As to when the Gadidae and other white-fish are in their proper season it is difficult to say. Their times of sickness are not so marked as to prevent many of the varieties from being in use all the year round. Different countries must have different seasons. We know, for instance, that it is proper to have the close time of one salmon river at a different date from that of some other stream that may be further south or further north. There are also exceptional spawning seasons in the case of individual fish, so that we are quite safe in setting down that the sole and turbot are in season all the year round.

As the Ministerial whitebait dinner often gives rise, among the uninitiated, to the question, "what is whitebait?" a notice of that popular but rather mysterious little fish may be of interest. It has been placed in that division of my marine zoology devoted to the "Clupeidae," or herring, and was long supposed to be the young of the Twaite shad. It is all very well for naturalists to say that the whitebait is a distinct fish; but there is

no proof that it is so. They do not inform us that they ever found whitebait with spawn; but, on the contrary, tell us that the parent fish are never caught, and are believed by the fishermen not to come higher up the river Thames than the estuary, where, we suppose, they could be taken if they were tried for. It is perfectly certain, in our opinion, that the whitebait is not a dwarf fish like the minnow, because they are taken of all sizes, from two to seven inches in length; and none that we have even heard of, however large, had the slightest development of roe or milt. The whitebait, it is said, come up and down the river with the tide, and cannot be found except when the river is sensibly brackish. Indeed, they do not survive in fresh water. Experiments have been tried with the view of keeping them alive with welled boats, but without success. The whitebait when it appears, generally about the end of next month, is exceedingly small; but it continues to feed and fatten rapidly, and increases in size till the end of September, when it disappears, having then attained a length of from five to seven inches. The young of the Twaite shad, which is believed to spawn in July, are seen almost immediately after the whitebait season is over, viz., in October, and are exceedingly like the whitebait in appearance. In fact, our knowledge of the natural history of fishes is so imperfect, that it is all but impossible to speak with anything like confidence on what ought to be the very commonest points of fish growth.

Whitebait is usually caught by means of a portable kind of bag-net, the mouth of which is about thirty inches square; the bag itself requires to be of considerable length, and tapers away almost to a point. It is affixed to the side of the boat, which is floated directly into the tideway where the water is usually thirty feet deep. The net is sunk into the water to the extent of a few feet, and the tail is frequently hauled in and opened for the purpose of securing the catch. We cannot form an estimate of the numbers of whitebait which may be caught in the course of a season, except from the quantity of fish dinners supplied to the *gourmants* who rush in the summer months to Blackwall and Greenwich, including the chief functionaries of the British Government and the other eminent political scholars of St. Stephen's. Whitebait was for a long time supposed to be indigenous to the Thames, and could be found nowhere else. This has been entirely disproved. There are excellent whitebait in the Firth of Forth, above Queen's Ferry, as well as in the Solway Firth, and in the river Hamble, which flows into Southampton water. Specimens would, no doubt, be readily found on many other parts of the coasts if sought for. The following is said to be a famous recipe for cooking whitebait. Take a quantity of the fish, place them on a napkin, sprinkle them with salt, then dust them thoroughly over with flower, not too fine, roll them well about, by laying hold of opposite sides of the cloth, until they become incrustated in the flour, then throw them in portions into a pot filled with boiling hot lard, let them fry until they are coloured like golden sherry, and then serve them up with the necessary adjuncts as fast as possible.

In connection with fish life, a curiosity is worthy of notice, viz.:—the existence of a salt-water fishpond or preserve. There have been several of

these in operation, both in Scotland and England, but the one which is best known, is the Logan pond, in Galloway. It is a gigantic natural basin, formed in the solid rock, one hundred and sixty feet in circumference, and, thirty feet in depth, and it communicates with the sea by a narrow passage. It is well stocked with all kinds of white fish, and in particular with cod, some of which are of large size and venerable age. Some of these fish are very tame, and will take food from a person's naked hand. They are particularly on the watch at feeding time, and eagerly devour the boiled mess of whelks, limpets, and other testacea which is thrown to them by the keeper. Whilst he is fishing in the adjoining bay, all the finest fish are kept and placed in the pond, those injured in the capture, are cut up as food for the prisoners. Might not a hint be taken from this pond by our pisciculturists? If we could do for our more valuable sea-fishes, what we do for the salmon, viz:—preserve their ova, and protect the young fry, for a year or so, it would in time tell in favour of our annual supplies. Whilst on the subject of fishponds, the trout-feeding establishment at Woolf's-brunnen, near Heidelberg, may be briefly noticed. There is a nice little inn near the pond, which is fed by a small tributary of the Neckar, and the landlord, being custodian-general of the trout, can supply a dish of fine fish on the very shortest notice. We cull the following description from an account of these ponds: "About half a mile to the south of the beautiful ruins of the castle of Hiedelberg is a deep ravine in the mountain side, through which passes a small rivulet on its way to join the Neckar, in the valley below. At a level part of the ravine the bed of the rivulet is formed into three ponds, one above the other, communicating with each other, though separated by means of iron gratings. The trout spawn naturally in the upper part of the rivulet, and their fry soon find their way into the upper pond. Here, as well as in the lower ponds, they find protection under boards placed in the water upon short stakes, and the protection is extended to them by fine large trees, chiefly planes, which cast their sombre shades over the ponds from both sides of the ravine. The spot is thus rendered truly romantic and interesting. The trout are not only protected, but fed every day with small fishes caught by people in the Neckar, and other substances afforded them by their keeper. Under this treatment many of them have attained a large size, perhaps from six to seven pounds in weight. It is curious to watch the habits of the trout. They are evidently not the least afraid of the spectators, though the smallest ones all take shelter under the boards on their approach. When a small fish is thrown into the pond you would expect that the nearest trout would immediately seize it; but it is not so. Some large fellow, lurking behind a stone or under the bank of the pond, will rush at a furious rate and seize the prey, and carry it to the bottom and devour it in an incredibly short time. The water is so pure that every motion of the trout is easily perceptible; and it is with them, as with all other creatures, each spends its time according to its own mind—some seemingly desirous of leading an active life, whilst others float and doze away most of their time."

PRESENTIMENTS.

"Se vanter de la félicité
C'est appeler le malheur." P. CYRER.

DREAD the hour when fate is brightest,
When thy young heart bounds the lightest ;
When life's beam is o'er thee shining,
And its deep spell round thee twining ;
When thy visions highest soaring
Break forth in thy soul's outpouring,
And a glory, as of heaven,
To each radiant thought is given ;
When thy carol rings the loudest,
When thy footstep falls the proudest,
And thy dark locks backward flowing,
Shade an eye with rapture glowing—
Then, when all is bright around thee,
And life's strongest chains have bound thee,
Tremble at the wild excess
Of thy spirit's happiness !
Tremble ! for when joy is purest,
And exulting love seems surest,
And the ties of earth are dearest,
Then are change and sorrow nearest !

Not in hours of quiet, weeping
O'er the days the past is keeping,
Comes the fiercest tide of sorrow
On the calm and cloudless morrow ;
Not in Summer musings lonely,
Not in thoughts of darkness only,
Not in gloomy forest wanderings,
Not in twilight's tearful ponderings,
When the forms of those that love us
Bend from the blue heaven above us ;
Not in hours of troubled dreaming
When the lov'd and lost are gleaming
In a shadowy star-crowned train,
Waking thoughts, that long have lain
In the tomb of things departed,
Back to living phantoms started.
Dread not *this* ! 'Tis better for thee
Than when hope is laughing o'er thee ;
Than when passion's fiery dawning
Flashes o'er thy boyhood's morning ;

And the pure and rapturous vision
Wraps thee in its clouds Elysian.
Dread thou these ! for then is sweeping
Sorrow o'er thy charmed sleeping.
And there comes a fearful waking,
On that lovely slumber breaking,
And no after dream is given
Half so fair on this side Heaven !

H.

REVIEWS.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.*

THE story of Alexis de Tocqueville is unquestionably one which should have been told, and that, perhaps, at somewhat greater length than is conceded to it by his friend Gustave de Beaumont; but with the memoirs of such a life, it was wholly unnecessary to collect a large mass of miscellaneous materials. No one acquainted with French literature can fail to perceive that the writers of that country are characterized by two defects; one an irrepressible tendency to attach importance to trifles, which leads to extravagant expansion; the other, that overweening vanity which leads to the ignoring of other literature, however superior to their own. No authors are, accordingly, more difficult to deal with by a foreign critic than those of France. He finds them surrounded in their own country by a blaze of reputation which would elsewhere be accorded to none but minds of the first order, and, through the influence of this popular belief, he himself is liable to be betrayed into too high an estimate of their powers. It would startle, and perhaps irritate, our neighbours to be told that their literature, prolific and varied as it is, contains not one writer of the first class, whether poet, historian, or philosopher, no one deserving to be ranked with Homer, Æschylus, Shakspeare, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Tacitus, Bacon, Gibbon, or Scott. Yet there are many French authors of extraordinary ability, remarkable masters of style, and for the skill with which they coördinate and display their materials. The theory, however, which Tocqueville adopted, namely, that of subordinating the thoughts to the language, has at all times dominated the minds of French writers. If there be an exception, it is Michel de Montaigne, who was, nevertheless, for the age in which he lived, a skilful artist, intent upon dressing up his ideas in the very best costume he could find for them. Pascal, who is said to have been De Tocqueville's model, was far more

* Memoir, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated from the French.

powerfully influenced by the taste and spirit of his times, for which reason the finest specimens of his composition, those sparkling and brilliant dialogues which, to the learned reader, sometimes suggest a comparison with some of the minor works of Plato, prove tedious and insipid to readers of the present day. The "Provincial Letters," in which they occur, treat altogether of subjects which have now lost their interest—frivolous topics which absorbed the minds of theologians in the seventeenth century. It is much the same with Massillon, Bourdaloue, and even Bossuet, who belonged so exclusively to the age in which they lived, that their ideas possess little interest for posterity. This also is more or less the case with Rousseau, Buffon, and Voltaire, whose flimsy philosophy, draped in polished and flowing language, fascinated their contemporaries, but has long ago ceased to disturb or influence the great current of human thought, which, after having been obstructed for a while by their crotchets and speculations, has resumed its natural course, and now flows on as if they had never written or lived. M. de Beaumont's efforts as a friend to exaggerate the merits of De Tocqueville are not only pardonable but pleasing. He knew and loved the man, and it is creditable to him, now that his friend is no more, to do homage to his abilities, and seek to impress the memory of what he did on the convictions of mankind. In truth, De Tocqueville was an extremely able writer, and, in many respects, a highly estimable man. Living, however, in a period of extraordinary vicissitudes, he seems all his life long to have been perplexed to decide what course he ought to pursue, and to have divided his preferences and predilections between Legitimacy, Constitutional Monarchy, and Republicanism, so as not to have been very positive to what section of politicians he really belonged. It is to be hoped that the time will come when the French nation will be fitted for the enjoyment of liberty, when it will cease to worship dynasties, and to bow the neck before military authority; but if so, it must trust for inspiration to politicians altogether different from M. M. De Tocqueville and Beaumont.

Let us turn, meanwhile, from anticipation of the future to De Tocqueville, such as he was, active, busy, speculative, restless, under the influence, probably, of that disease which stimulates while it destroys, by something like a secret consciousness, that little time will be allowed for action, and that, if a man has set himself any great task, he must hasten to perform it while it is day. Nearly all Frenchmen are more or less pressing. To be in a perpetual bustle appears to them an attribute of greatness. They are, accordingly, always shifting, changing, glancing to and fro, making incessant efforts to dazzle lookers-on, and bestowing on ordinary mental employment the name of profound application to study. This, to a considerable extent, seems to have been the case with De Tocqueville. Having visited America as Volney did the East, he refrained from writing an ordinary book of travels, which, however able, might have been passed over by a public eager for something new in form, if not in substance. He, therefore, bestowed upon his work the alluring title of "Democracy in America," which insured its immediate attention from three large sections

of the public—firstly, from those who longed to see the American form of government established in France; secondly, from those who dreaded democracy, and hoped for the revival of ancient despotism, or the establishment of arbitrary power under a new name; thirdly, from the advocates of constitutional freedom, who desired to steer between the opposite extremes in politics, and expected to find arguments in his book to justify their proceeding. As it would be here out of place to enter upon a criticism of that work, we will turn to De Tocqueville's correspondence, which is lively and agreeable, and inspires us with very kindly feelings for the man, though it by no means suggests the idea that he was a great man, or, indeed, anything extraordinary. His kindness of disposition, united with a high rank and a respectable fortune, procured him many friends, to whom he seems to have been sincerely attached. To those he confided freely his sentiments and opinions on public affairs, but we miss those profound reflections, original thoughts, and brilliant and finished sketches of contemporaries which convert the letter of some authors into a mirror, reflecting the whole character of the times in which they lived. De Tocqueville married an Englishwoman for love, since she had little or no fortune, and appears to have found with her a tranquil and happy life. At some future day a more complete picture of that life may be drawn; it would certainly repay the trouble, since De Tocqueville lived so much in the world, that to describe him and his friends would be to sketch many of the most remarkable men in France. His English friendships, formed chiefly by accident, were rather domestic than distinguished, and his letters to them rather resemble materials for leading articles than the spontaneous effusions of the heart, or the revelations of a lofty intelligence. He occasionally expresses, with much frankness, his opinion of Louis Napoleon, and the manner in which he governs France. He regarded him as a despot; but before he overthrew the Republic and established absolute authority, he was disposed to anticipate better things of him. Among the phenomena in French society, upon which he dwells, is the utter absence of superior intelligence, especially in the conversation of the capital, where whatever was brilliant in France used, under all governments save that of Napoleon, to assemble and indulge in those vivacious displays which rendered social intercourse in France so cheerful and agreeable, and inspired in all surrounding nations a wish to imitate it in this particular. Under the Restoration, under Louis Philippe, and during the few and evil days of the Republic, there was in Paris a surplus of intellectual life, which bubbled forth nightly in the saloons, and created for numerous individuals, a reputation, which they could never have acquired by their writings alone. They who have visited Paris since the establishment of the second Empire, know how all this is changed. Without being a political people, the French are much addicted to political criticism and epigram, the licence to indulge in which appears, in their case, to make up for the want of liberty. Louis Napoleon deprives them of this enjoyment, so that extreme dullness reigns over their *réunions*, in which malice, keen and personal, supplied the place of wit. From causes, more-

over, which it would be impossible to point out, the French mind has been, for many years, becoming more and more sluggish and heavy, partly through the desperate attempt to think, a process totally alien from the national habits, and partly from the settlement in Paris of Germans and other foreigners, whose very presence is an antidote to all sprightliness. No wonder, therefore, that poor De Tocqueville, whose want of animal spirits led him to rely much for amusement on the vivacity of others, should have fled, first to his estate in the country, and afterwards to the shores of the Mediterranean, where he died. As a rule, every Frenchman thinks himself in exile, at the distance of twenty leagues from Paris, and pathetically appeals to the aid of philosophy if he be constrained to pass a winter in the country. Madame de Sévigné used to employ herself while in the country, in working up descriptions of the scenery, as if travelling in a foreign land, and the Duchesse de Longueville, when invited to follow her example, exclaimed naïvely, "Hélas ! Je n'ai point de gout pour les plaisirs innocens !" Yet, when the French do travel, the absolute novelty of nature strikes upon their imaginations so forcibly that they often become graphic and eloquent in description. De Tocqueville appreciated justly, and described vividly, the scenery of the New World, and M. de Beaumont proves, in the memoir of his friend, that he also can describe a landscape. By way of illustration, we may refer to the passage in which he seeks to convey an idea of that portion of the Mediterranean shore on which De Tocqueville's eyes last looked in this world.

ÉTUDES SUR L'IRLANDE CONTEMPORAINE.

As this remarkable book is soon to appear in an English form, from the press of Mr. Duffy, it may be well for the readers of the *Hibernian Magazine* to have, beforehand, some indications of its plan and character. To the Irish people, the actual condition of Ireland is the most interesting subject which can be submitted to their attention. And here is a book, by a French author, in which that subject is more thoroughly investigated than it has yet been by any one Irish author. How the work of Father Perraud has been judged and appreciated in France, we may infer from a letter of the Bishop of Orleans, which is prefixed to the book. We do not forget the generous zeal with which that illustrious prelate, nearly two years ago, invoked the charity of France in behalf of our famishing poor, the sympathy for Irish suffering which his powerful championship aroused over all Europe, the alms and tears poured forth, in tribute to his gracious eloquence, by the distinguished congregation at St. Roch. His literary authority is that of a member of the French Academy, and thus the learned Bishop writes of the labours of Father Perraud :—

Études sur l'Irlande Contemporaine. Parlé R. P. Adolphe Perraud. 2 Tomes, 8vo. Paris, 1862.

" 'Tis well known that Ireland has been oppressed ; 'tis known that she complains ; but, separated as we are from her by the stormy ocean, her cries of distress and woe come to us faint and half-lost in the distance. We needed to hear, we needed to see close at hand what is done and suffered in that isle of the ocean. The truth, the simple, terrible truth needed to be told ; you tell it : the facts, the every-day, undeniable, crushing facts needed to be made known ; you make them known. Thanks to your personal inquiries, your long and indefatigable researches, your persevering study of the facts, your exact, positive, innumerable testimonies, everybody henceforth may, so to speak, see with his eyes and touch with his hands the truth about Ireland."

The book thus eulogised contains the most general, the most minute, and the most careful inquiry into the actual condition of Ireland, political, religious, social, economical, that has ever appeared in a systematic form. It is written with the elegant simplicity and arranged by the methodical genius so conspicuous in the best French writers. It is manifest that M. Perraud has made himself master of his vast and difficult subject, and also that he possesses the art of bringing it clearly under the view of his readers, as he himself says in his introduction :—

"The reader will soon be convinced that no pains have been spared for rendering this inquiry as complete; and above all, as impartial as possible. Information obtained from other parties, no matter how abundant, has not satisfied me ; after preparing and getting printed a long list of queries upon all the points which I had commenced to investigate, I went to Ireland to seek there for replies to those queries, comparing the different testimonies with each other, and correcting them all by a most attentive personal examination of the condition of the country, of the mechanism of the institutions, of the innermost details of the Irish social life."

Besides the means of information here described, the author has diligently employed all such parliamentary *Blue-books* as refer to any portions of his subject, as well as all other printed books and papers of authority upon Irish affairs ; while the speeches and writings of English statesmen and writers have been studied by him with peculiar attention. No source of information, in fact, seems to have been neglected by this most industrious inquirer, and the aptness and clearness with which he comprehends, the sagacity with which he interprets, the candour of his statements, the conscientiousness of his judgments, the largeness and pure benevolence of his views, taken together with his admirable accomplishments as a writer, entitle Father Perraud to a place in the highest rank of historians.

L'Irlande Contemporaine opens with a Historical Introduction, which is an abstract of the history of Ireland from the English invasion till the present time, and which gives, in some fifty pages, a better knowledge and comprehension of that lamentable story than could be obtained from any book that we have seen of four times the size. The admirable essay of M. Goldwin Smith upon the same subject may, indeed, be compared with it for clearness of insight, skill of selection, and power of concentration. But

M. Goldwin Smith does not think fit to deal with the history of Ireland since the year 1800, while Father Perraud's narrative comes down to 1862, the year in which his book is published.

The main body of the work consists of a very careful examination into the actual situation of our country, and this is treated of under eight principal divisions, viz :—The relations between Ireland and England, and between the various sects and classes of the Irish people, as to political rights; the relations of landlord and tenant, and the condition of landed property and of agriculture; the history and condition of manufactures and commerce in Ireland; Irish emigration, its causes, its proportions, its resources, its character, its consequences, economical, religious, and political; the poverty prevailing in Ireland, its causes and its intensity; the poor laws, and their operation and effects, moral and economical; public education; and the religious question. All those subjects are so fully and effectually investigated, that every important question of fact connected with them may be said to be set at rest.

The Author finishes his work with a very interesting chapter of *general conclusions*, which he addresses to the English people, in form of an appeal to their justice and magnanimity, and to the Irish as a consolation under their sufferings.

The very excellence of the book makes it difficult to select passages for quotation as specimens of the author's performance. Whole chapters might be extracted if the reviewer insisted on doing it justice.